The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 79. Vol. XIV. APRIL, 1898. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* April *will be noticed in the* May *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th May *in the* June *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The report that Mr. Harmsworth's new monthly magazine is to be sold at 3d. is not contradicted, and we now hear that advertisers are to be guaranteed a circulation of the first number of not less than half a million copies.

An amusing story comes to us from Hungary. It appears that in that country a ballet was lately produced, which was based upon Mr. Rider Haggard's "She." The author, hearing of the production, wrote asking for some programmes, photographs, etc., and received a reply from the manager of the theatre that he was much shocked at the receipt of this letter, for he, in common with many other citizens of the dual empire had for months believed that the creator of "She" was dead. Indeed, so the manager said, long obituary notices had appeared in some of the most important papers. Mr. Haggard wrote again that if the obituary notices were in any more translatable language than Magyar, he would be glad to see a few of them, and at the same time he begged that a paragraph might be circulated amongst the newspapers to the effect that he was very much alive and in the best of health. The last we have heard is that the manager reports that no newspaper will insert the paragraphs, that they decline to credit his statement, and look upon his request as a clever but somewhat unscrupulous attempt to obtain fine advertisements for the ballet.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is expected to be back in town in the beginning of May.

Mr. G. W. Cable hopes to arrive on his visit to this country about the end of April, and to stay for some time. He will give readings during his stay. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish immediately Mr. Cable's novel, "The Grandissimes," which many good judges consider his best piece of work. It will contain a short introduction from the pen of Mr. Barrie. There is no doubt that English men of letters who have been so hospitably treated in America will do their best to make Mr. Cable's visit agreeable and successful.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, who has received the degree of LL.D. from St. Andrews University, was approached with an offer of the same honour from another of the Universities of Scotland.

Dr. Alfred Wallace's forthcoming work entitled "The Wonderful Century" will be published here and in the United States on May 15th. The book is essentially popular, and runs to 400 pages. The subjects are dealt with in the following order:—Modes of Travelling, Labour-saving Machinery, The Conveyance of Thought, Fire and Light, Photography, Spectrum Analysis, Physics, The Minor Application of Physical Principles, Dust, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Natural Selection, Physiology, Phrenology, Hypnotism, Vaccination, The War Spirit, The Demon of Greed, The Plunder of the Earth, Conclusion.

In consequence of the numerous applications received for the American copyright, Messrs. Sonnenschein have decided to dispose of it by private tender among the several applicants. The upset price has been fixed at £100, and the right will be assigned to the highest bidder over that amount. The tenders will be dealt with on the 16th April.

The autumn volume by Mr. Kipling will be a collection of Ship Stories. It will be published in England by Messrs. Macmillan, and the American rights have been secured by the Doubleday McClure Co.

We understand that the Irish Literary Society have arranged to publish a work on the "Sources of Irish History." The book will probably be under the general editorship of Mr. Barry O'Brien, and there will be a number of contributors.

Mr. George Redway announces for immediate publication a Memoir of James Hain Friswell, by his daughter, Laura Hain Friswell (Mrs. Ambrose Myall). The book will, of course, deal with the numerous literary ventures with which Mr. Hain Friswell was connected at different periods of his career, and not the least interesting chapter will be that containing the account of the libel action brought by Mr. Sala against the publishers of Friswell's "Modern Men of Letters."

Mr. Doubleday, of the Doubleday McClure Publishing Co. in America, has had a trip through Europe, and has spent a short time in London. He has now returned to the States. Mr. Doubleday reports favourably of his first business year. During his journey he visited Mark Twain at Vienna. Mark Twain seems deeply conscious that he has got rid of a heavy burden by his final and honourable release from all indebtedness. He has been amusing himself translating a play, but it is doubtful whether it will be produced on the stage. He is now turning over at his leisure the large quantity of unpublished matter to be found in his repositories.

Mr. Doubleday also visited at Budapest the great Hungarian novelist, Jokai. Though advanced in life, the novelist is in excellent health and spirits, and full of work. He cleared a profit of £20,000 by the publication of the great edition of his books. It is said that he has written altogether some 350 volumes.

There is a prospect of a new and authorised life of Madame Patti being written by a well-known journalist who has for many years been familiar with the musical world.

Mr. Frank Stockton's new book will be published by Messrs. Cassell and Company on April 20th. It is in Mr. Stockton's brightest vein, and should be one of the successes of the spring.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth has benefited by his journey to Egypt. He has returned full of schemes for new publications, two of which, at least, will see the light this spring. Mr. Harmsworth, in the course of an interview with a novelist the other day, said that competition in newspapers was about to begin in London. He seems to think that there has been no competition hitherto, but that we shall shortly find ourselves obeying the same conditions which govern journalism in New York, where competition is most fierce, and profits are cut down to a minimum. Mr. Harmsworth thinks, by the way, that of all ideal holidays for the literary man, a holiday upon the Nile is the most perfect.

We understand that Mr. Mackenzie Bell is collecting materials for a book about Jean Ingelow similar to that which he published on Christina Rossetti.

Mr. Grant Allen has written an exceedingly interesting Guide Book for Americans visiting Europe. This is a new idea, which certainly commends itself as a bright one. A good guide to the European Tour is sadly wanted in America, and no one could write it so well as Mr. Allen.

It is possible that Mr. Phil May's illustrations to "David Copperfield" will be published first of all in a portfolio. The idea is quite excellent. Many people do not care for new illustrations to Dickens when they are included in the novelist's works, but a portfolio of drawings, giving us Mr. Phil May's idea of "David Copperfield" and its scenes, should be exceedingly welcome.

Mr. Steevens contemplates two new books upon the Nile this year. He will include in the first his papers which have recently been appearing in the *Daily Mail*. The second book will deal with Khartoum and his journey there He, like the many who have wandered in Egypt this year, is a firm believer in the country as a camping ground for the literary man.

Messrs. Cassell and Company's subscription to the sixpenny illustrated edition of "King Solomon's Mines" is the biggest they have had for many years. In future, this house will enter largely into arrangements for American publication. Mr. T. Belding, who is in charge of their American business, was formerly one of the assistants in their first New York branch. He is a man of great business energy and capacity, and is likely to make this considerable experiment a success.

Professor Eliot Norton is to retire from the active duties of the Chair of Fine Arts in Harvard University at the close of the present college year. He is still to continue his lectures on Modern Languages. Notwithstanding his long and varied career, Professor Norton is only in his seventieth year, and is in full vigour. Few men have done better and more unobtrusive service to arts and letters than he, and his personal friendship has been most highly prized by many of the foremost men in Britain and America. The larger public may expect to gain from Professor Norton's leisure what Harvard has lost.

Lieut. Winston Spencer Churchill, whose "Story of the Malakand Field Force" is, perhaps, the best account of the recent frontier fighting which has yet appeared, is, of course, the eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. During the campaign he acted as "special" for the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, the paper with which Mr. Rudyard Kipling was so long connected, and also, we understand, sent many interesting letters to the *Daily Telegraph*. Although not attached to the force in his professional capacity (Lieut. 4th Hussars), we note with interest that in one of his despatches Sir Bindon Blood writes that Brigadier-General Jeffreys "praised the courage and resolution of Lieut. W. L. S. Churchill, 4th Hussars, the correspondent of the *Pioneer* newspaper with the force, who made himself useful at a critical moment."

A new novel by Miss Edith Smyth, entitled "A Double Mistake," and another by Miss Etta Courtney, entitled "River Mists," will be published by Messrs. Marshall, Russell and Co. shortly.

The Portfolio Monograph on Greek Bronzes, to be published by Messrs. Seeley and Co. in the middle of April, is written by Mr. Alexander Stewart Murray, keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities at the British Museum, author of "Greek Sculpture under Pheidias," etc. The number will be illustrated mainly from the collection of bronzes in the British Museum, and will contain several that have not been previously reproduced.

Miss Betham Edwards' interesting volume of reminiscences may be expected some time this month. Several chapters are devoted to reminiscences of George Eliot. The publisher of the volume is Mr. George Redway. The same firm announces for early publication a volume of Memoirs of John A. Heraud, by his daughter, Edith Heraud.

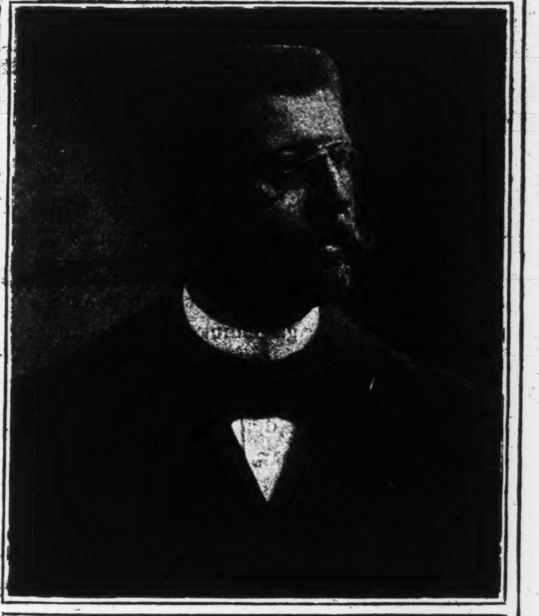
We hear on good authority that Messrs. Harper and Bros. have secured the American rights of Mr. Henry Savage Landor's new book, so that the rumours to the effect that the copyright of the book has been sold to an English firm are without foundation.

Mr. Edward Arnold is reported to have given up the American house which he opened some little time ago, and on the back of this we hear that Messrs. Cassell and Co. have decided to start an American branch again.

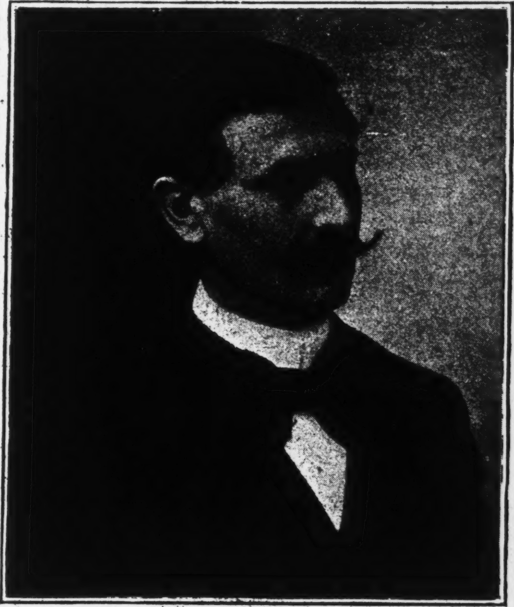
Mr. Grant Richards announces for early publication the following among other books: "Venice," one of Grant Allen's series of Historical Guides, price 3s. 6d. net; "True Heart," by Frederic Breton, being passages in the life of Eberhard Treuherz, Scholar and Craftsman, 6s.; "The Wheel of God," by George Egerton, 6s.; "The Actor-Manager," by Leonard Merrick, 6s.; "Linnet: A Romance," by Grant Allen, 6s.; "The Yellow Danger," by M. P. Shiel, 6s.; "Studies in Brown Humanity: Being

Scrawls and Smudges in Sepia, White, and Yellow," by Hugh Clifford, 6s.; and "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," by George Bernard Shaw, two vols., 5s. each.

MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte, whose novel, "Le Désastre," is reviewed on another page, are both young men. M. Paul Margueritte commenced his literary career in 1883 by writing a life of his father, General Margueritte, who played a prominent part in the war of 1870, and he has since published a number of clever analytical novels. M. Victor was a lieutenant of dragoons, but in 1896 he resigned in order to collaborate with his brother in literary work. Thay have written together a number of short stories and a very clever novel of child-life—"Poum"—and are at present engaged on a novel for *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, which will be entitled "Femmes Nouvelles." The second volume of their trilogy, "Les Tronçons du Glaive," will not appear for some time, as an immense amount of research is necessary for its preparation.



M. PAUL MARGUERITTE.



M. VICTOR MARGUERITTE.

Mr. Bloundelle Burton has arranged to write a new novel for the *Navy and Army Illustrated*—a periodical in which, our readers will remember, his recently published "Across the Salt Seas" first appeared.

Mr. W. C. Scully, the author of "Kaffir Stories" and "Between Sun and Sand," which has just been published by Methuen, is at present visiting friends in this country. Although Mr. Scully was born in Ireland, he went to the Cape when quite young, and this is the first time he has been in England.

Mr. Bertram Mitford, whose "Induna's Wife" has just been published by White and Co., has gone to South Africa to shoot "Big Game." Mr. Mitford will no doubt come back with ample new material for another of his thrilling romances.

Mr. Bret Harte has recently completed the manuscript of a new short story entitled "Under the Eaves."

The title of Mr. William Le Queux's new novel is "If Sinners Entice Thee." It has been running serially in the *Golden Penny*, and will be published in book form in the autumn by Messrs. White and Co.

The autumn publishing season promises to be rich in fiction by prominent novelists. Mr. Stanley Weyman will publish "The Castle Inn," now running serially in the *Cornhill*. Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, "Roden's Corner," now appearing in *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Anthony Hope will be represented by "Rupert of Hentzau," the long expected sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. Crockett by "The Red Axe," now appearing in the *Graphic*. Sir Walter Besant by "The Changeling." Mr. Gilbert Parker by his novel now running in *Good Words*, not to mention others.

The death of Mr. James Payn, which took place on Friday, though long expected, is deeply regretted. He filled a place which remains at present unsupplied. We hope to give a somewhat full account of Mr. Payn's career in our next number. The obituary notices, with one or two exceptions, have been meagre.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

February 21st to March 19th, 1898.

(1) ENGLAND.

Business during the period above indicated has shown a certain amount of activity for the season. No doubt the late winter is in some degree responsible for this, for the bookseller recognises that "stay-at-home" weather is the most favourable kind for his calling. Foreign and colonial business continues steady, and does not fluctuate from time to time, as was formerly the case. The increased facilities for the quick transit of goods may, in some measure, tend to equalise the buying.

On all sides the decreased demand for Lent literature has called for remark. There does not appear to be a single work in this class for which there has been a sufficient demand to call for notice, and the more ready selling ones have been 6d. or 1s. publications only.

The 6s. novel is still a splendid item of business, and, in fiction generally, there have not been the lessened sales usually so noticeable at this season of the year. The favourite novel is "Simon Dale," "The King with Two Faces" being also popular.

The spring publishing season is a very busy one, the number of 6s. novels being very large. About 150 new books per week have been issued for some time past. This statement will give some idea of the difficulty the bookseller of to-day has to encounter in selecting his stock.

Several accounts of the Frontier War in India have been published, and have been met by a moderate demand. Fincastle's "Frontier Campaign" is the favourite in this class at present.

There is still a small demand only for theological works, and the falling off, of late, in the sale of this class of publication is very marked. No modern writers take the places formerly occupied by Goulburn, Oxenden, and Macduff.

With the approach of spring there is a movement in works on gardening and outdoor pursuits generally, such as butterfly, bird, and flower-collecting and the like. Sandow's book on Strength continues to be asked for from all quarters. What a muscular generation is growing around us!

The usual list of the most popular books is appended, and the only remark called for is to direct attention to the fact of the continuity of the sale of some of those named. The arrangement has no significance.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)
Rough Justice. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)
Poor Max. By Rita. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Scourge-Stick. By Mrs. C. Praed. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Hugh Wynne. By W. Mitchell. 6s. (Unwin.)
Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Longmans.)
The War of the Worlds. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Triumph of Death. By D'Annunzio. 6s. (Heinemann.)
In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Beetle. By R. Marsh. 6s. (Skeffington.)
The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Paris, Rome, and Lourdes. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d. each. (Chatto.)
More Tramps Abroad. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin.)
The Epistle to the Ephesians. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d. (J. Murray.)
Cassock and Comedy. By Athol Forbes. 3s. 6d. (Skeffington.)
Rosa Nouchette Carey's Novels. 3s. 6d. edition. (Bentley.)
Ribstone Pippins. By Maxwell Gray. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)
Miss Betty. By Bram Stoker. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale and Polden.)
A Frontier Campaign. By Viscount Fincastle and P. C. E. Lockhart. 6s. (Methuen.)
A Ballad of Reading Gaol. By C.3.3. 2s. 6d. net. (Smithers.)

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
Feb. 28, 1898—A moderate week for business with an improvement at the close. Foreign and colonial departments well employed.
Mar. 7, 1898—Business continues to be fairly active for the season. Trade with the colonies and Europe continues good.
" 14, " —A somewhat quieter week throughout. Colonial and foreign orders still received in fair numbers.
" 21, " —On the whole a satisfactory week for the time of the year Foreign and colonial departments not quite so busy.

February 21st to March 19th, 1898.

(2) SCOTLAND.

The unusual activity, for the season, shown by the publishers as noted in our last report continued during the month under review. Business, unfortunately, has been quiet, and many of the works, had they been issued earlier, would have met with more success.

So far as sales were concerned, the most prominent book of the month was M. Zola's "Paris." The publication of "Paris" revived the sales of "Lourdes" and "Rome" by the same author.

With the approach of the spring season booksellers have looked up their stocks of gardening and greenhouse books. Cycling literature, such as "The Contour Road Book" and cheap editions of "All Round Cycling" and "Lady Cycling," have been in demand, and George Giffen's twenty-five years "With Bat and Ball" has begun the sale of works on outdoor sports. The *Ladies' Field* as a weekly entered into competition for a place in pastime literature.

The leading theological work for the month may safely be reckoned as Volume I. of "A Dictionary of the Bible," edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D., and no enterprise was wanting on the part of the publishers, Messrs. T. and T. Clark, to have it brought under the notice of Biblical scholars. The "Life of Dr. Morison" had a good sale in Scotland, where the ecclesiastical controversy with which his name was associated is well known. In Glasgow and the West of Scotland Dr. Hugh Macmillan's "The Spring of the Day" had a good sale, and also the volume issued by Dr. John Hunter, called "The Angels of God."

In works of travel, "Through South Africa," by Henry M. Stanley, and "Three Years in Savage Africa," by Lionel Decle, have been the books of the month.

There has been a constant supply of six-shilling novels. Those receiving ready sale in good quantities were "Simon Dale," by Anthony Hope; "The Vintage," by E. F. Benson; "Woman and the Shadow," by Miss Kenealy; "Wyndham's Daughter," by Annie S. Swan; "The Incidental Bishop," by Grant Allen; and "Dreamers of the Ghetto," by I. Zangwill.

At three shillings and sixpence "Ribstone Pippins," by Maxwell Gray, "Billy Binks, Hero," by Guy Boothby, and the new illustrated edition of "Kidnapped," by R. L. Stevenson, have taken well.

The books leading during the month may be noted as follows:—

Paris. By Emile Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)
Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
Dreams of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Shrewsbury. By Stanley Weyman. 6s. (Longmans.)
Ribstone Pippins. By Maxwell Gray. 3s. 6d. (Harpers.)
Miss Betty. By Bram Stoker. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)
Angels of God. By Dr. Hunter. 1s. 6d. (Clarke.)
Poor Max. By Iota. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Vintage. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Spring of the Day. By Dr. Macmillan. 5s. (Isbister.)

Friendship. By Rev. Hugh Black. 2s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Life of Dr. Morison. By Dr. Adamson. 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
With Bat and Ball. By George Giffen. 3s. 6d. (Ward and Lock.)
The Incidental Bishop. By Grant Allen. 6s. (Pearson.)
The Voyage of Consolation. By S. J. Duncan. 6s. (Methuen.)

The most popular sixpenny publication was Hall Caine's "Deemster," of which many thousands were sold in Scotland.

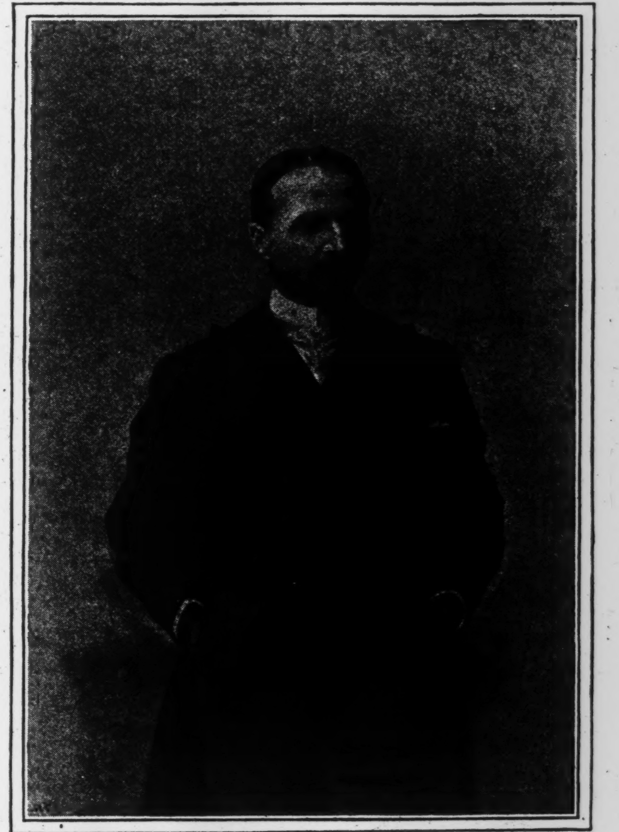
NEW WRITERS

MR. J. A. STEUART.

LIKE so many men who have taken to literature, and prospered in it, Mr. John Alexander Steuart was intended for another career. He is, as he puts it, the first of his family to show any literary taint, and he is not at all sure that some of its earlier members, could they have peered into the future, would not have frowned over the idea of his turning aside from beaten ways to tell idle tales. Born thirty-seven years ago, in the neighbourhood of Aberfeldy, in the Perthshire Highlands—one of the most purely Celtic districts in Scotland by the way—he was at first intended for the Church, but showing a special aptitude for figures he was placed in a bank. He was indentured for four years, the salary being nil. Prompted by a desire for more pocket-money, only eighteen months out of the four years had elapsed when he asked the bank agent whether, in case he obtained another situation he would be permitted to accept it. The agent consulted Head Office, and the answer came in the affirmative—for Scotch banks never lack probationers. So without consulting anyone he began to apply to the London banks, taking them in alphabetical order. There were several vacancies in the Metropolis, but he was considered too young for any of them. Failing in London he turned his attention to Ireland, where he was successful.

A bank officer in a country town has usually a good deal of leisure, which Mr. Steuart devoted to athletics (he was for a while a crack oarsman and cyclist) and study. Presently he began to write. At nineteen he had produced volumes of articles and sketches, and of course he perpetrated verse, most of it being modelled on Burns in his satirical moods. After spending a few years in Ireland Mr. Steuart was offered and accepted a post in a Canadian bank, and in its service gained experience of frontier life. In Winnipeg, where he was stationed for two years, he and his fellow clerks transacted business with loaded revolvers on the desk beside them. Yet amid all the distractions of a frontier life—and they are many—he continued to write for newspapers and magazines. In Winnipeg also his first novel was written—and burned, after being rejected by the late J. R. Osgood, who had not yet founded a publishing business in London. While "out West" he enjoyed considerable sport in the Rocky Mountains, and made acquaintance with miners and cowboys. Resigning his position in the bank he returned to Europe as special correspondent for an American paper; some time was spent in travelling and writing; then settling in London, whither all literary workers long to migrate sooner or later, he was appointed editor of the *Publishers' Circular*, which was transformed into a weekly shortly after he took charge, and which he has edited with conspicuous ability and success ever since.

Mr. Steuart's first published novel "A Millionaire's Daughters," was a combination of American and Highland life, or rather the characters were American and Highland. The *Athenæum* in reviewing it concluded the author hailed from the other side of the Atlantic, but admitted "the Highland dialect is cleverly handled." "Self-Exiled," a story for boys, followed almost immediately. "Letters to Living Authors" (an experiment in criticism that attracted much attention), and an Irish story, "Kilgroom," came next. This story elicited high praise from Mr. Gladstone, and so racy of the soil is the book that reviewers confidently called Mr. Steuart an Irishman. The Irish newspapers were almost unanimous in declaring it contains the best description of an eviction ever written, though Mr. Steuart confesses he never saw an eviction. A volume of short stories followed at a brief interval, and three years ago appeared "In the Day of Battle," a romance of adventure, which instantly won the applause of the critics. His new novel, "The Minister of State," just published by Mr. Heinemann, has been most cordially received, and is generally regarded as a vast advance on anything he had previously done. Mr. Steuart has the knack of clever dialogue and his style is vigorous and characteristic. His descriptive faculty is considerable and his pictures of Highland scenery, as well as of London political and legal life, are well-defined and convincing. Mr. Steuart has received many congratulations from brother authors over the book; perhaps the compliment he values most came from Mr. Meredith. Several reviewers have specially remarked the portrait of Dominie Proudfoot; Mr. Meredith calls the Dominie "the best of his kind I know."



From Photo by] MR. J. A. STEUART. [*Whiteley.*

THE READER.

NOVELISTS AS DRAMATISTS.

II.

Mr. George Moore—Mr. F. Frankfort Moore.

BY EDWARD MORTON.

To write for the theatre one must have a taste for the theatre. Now Mr. George Moore has not followed his natural inclination, but has endeavoured, on the contrary, to master it, in directing his literary talent to the stage. He has no sympathy with the theatre; indeed, he has not dissembled his dislike for it. No man has written more contemptuously of the actor; and I am not aware that Mr. Moore ever has expressed any faith in the ideal drama. Mr. Moore is a critic and a novelist, and even in his novels the critical faculty is more remarkable than the creative. He is one of those who take the novelist's calling more seriously than the casual reader. It is not merely for the sake of telling a story, but as a criticism of life, that such a work as "Esther Waters" is written. There is nothing of the "theatrical" in Mr. Moore's novels. Tacitly, he has allowed it to be understood that he saw, at least, a ray of hope for the Drama when he associated himself with the council of the Independent Theatre Society. He gave something more than his blessing to the Society, for it was under the direction of the Independent Theatre that his most important contribution to the stage was performed.

The production of "The Strike at Arlingford" had all the excitement of a challenge. Mr. George R. Sims appeared as the champion of the dramatists who had been attacked by Mr. Moore. Mr. Sims asked the Independent Theatre Society to show the world an example of the more artistic form of play. In calling for the tune, he agreed to pay the piper. He offered a donation of a hundred pounds to enable them to produce a play different from, and better than, that of "the ordinary commercial stage." In due course the Society responded with Mr. Moore's drama, in which the relations of capital and labour were illustrated in a manner quite as fantastic as the arrangement for the performance by which Mr. Moore provided the labour and Mr. Sims the capital. In a note to the printed edition of "The Strike at Arlingford,"* Mr. Moore says of his play that "the labour dispute is an externality to which I attach little importance." This will not do. An audience will not accept that as an excuse for the unbusinesslike management of the strike. Ignorance of economical principles and errors of detail, which the author might have corrected simply by reference to the reports of the Labour Commission, produce a more damaging impression of unreality in the printed play than they do on the stage. Yet the piece is more interesting to read than it was in representation; not because "the development of the moral idea," which is avowedly the author's chief concern, is any more convincing one way than the other, but because the play is in a sense—which is not the dramatic sense—well written. The scene in which Lady Anne and Baron Steinbach watch John Reid's hand-to-hand fight with the miners is (like the "moral idea") insufficiently developed for effect on the stage. No actress could make anything of Lady Anne's "See if they've killed him. Here, take the glasses"; and when the poor wretch staggers into Lady Anne's drawing-room, where he sees her in Steinbach's arms, and she asks, "Are you hurt?" John Reid is simply speaking the fine language of the theatre when he says, "Mortally, though hardly a blow reached me." His irony, however, is wasted upon Lady Anne, who goes on preparing for her departure as unconcernedly as Charlotte "went on cutting bread and butter" when Werther was carried by on a shutter. The tendency to fine writing, which affects most novelists when they write for the stage, is not absent, for once, from Mr. Moore's work; and I confess that I am baffled by the unfathomable profundity of such remarks by the capitalist Steinbach as "Renunciations are often but the efforts of the feeble to realise themselves," and "In the modern world mysticism finds expression in socialism and science." It might just as well be said that socialism finds expression in mysticism and science, or that science finds expression in mysticism and socialism, or—exactly reversing the proposition—that socialism and science find expression in mysticism. At the end of the play—when, by the way, there is no indication of the end of the strike, which is, presumably, to be left to settle itself—John Reid commits suicide, Ellen Sands approving. Suicide as a "logical conclusion" is only one more of the conventionalities of the drama. To me, the greatest surprise of "The Strike of Arlingford" was to find an uncompromising realist like Mr. Moore putting his name to a play of the sort.

An elegant trifle, "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting," in the authorship of which Mr. George Moore was associated with "John Oliver Hobbes," was played three or four years ago at a "morning performance," and has since then had an uncertain existence on the stage, owing only to the fact, I believe, that it became the property of Miss Ellen Terry, who has rarely had an opportunity of presenting it. This little piece, which was described in the French style as a "proverb," was a variation of a theme of a little play in the repertory of the Théâtre Français, in which the situation occurs of a husband who is playfully blindfolded, and so allows his wife's importunate lover to escape unseen. The names of the characters—Lady Soupise and Captain Maramour—are a little precious, and it hardly affects the merits of the piece that the proverb which gives it a title has no application whatever to the matter of the story. The only reason I can find for calling it "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting" is that it had to be called something. Mr. Moore has also written a little French play, entitled (if I may trust my memory) "Le Sycomore"; and a translation of a French comic opera (if an anonymous work of his salad days may be included in this record) completes the tale of his contributions to the theatre.

Mr. F. Frankfort Moore is not a dramatist "with a past," but with a future. As readers of his novels know to their amusement, he has the gift of dramatic exposition and a talent for writing sprightly dialogue which seems, if I may say so, to take the stage. A play in one act and in blank verse—these are the ordinary, early symptoms of stage fever in a literary man—was his first work for the stage. In "The Queen's Room," which was played at the Opera Comique Theatre, the feeling for the stage was more remarkable than the feeling for poetry. Upon an historical basis Mr. Moore founded a purely imaginary "episode"—the play was not described as a play, but simply as an "episode," and an episode is, at best, but part of a play—in the love affairs of Queen Mary and Chastelard. Mr. Moore has probably since discovered that he is not a poet, though he can spin verses with fluency and with taste. Such a line as that which says of love that it becomes, when in the presence of the adored one, "as ghastly as an oyster on the seas," either means that the oyster is a sad rover, or it means nothing. "Kitty Clive," which was derived from one of the author's stories, is not only as striking example of successful adaptation of narrative fiction to the stage as Mr. Conan Doyle's "Story of Waterloo," but is, like that little piece, one of the few really good plays in one act of a generation. As a medium for the exhibition of acting, Mr. Moore's little play is perhaps the better work, and Kitty Clive, as the character is elaborated and diversified by Mr. Moore, affords such an opportunity for fine acting as may not be found in plays of greater length. The circumstances in which Kitty Clive finds herself, at a country inn, where she befools a pompous comedian by the force of her acting, are well imagined; and this compact little play is not less remarkable for the author's skill in the artifices of the stage than for the literary ability with which the historic sense is sustained in the pretty wit of the dialogue. Mr. Moore very cleverly catches the manner of a bygone period for the purpose of the stage, and another little play of his, "Oliver Goldsmith," dealing with the story related by Boswell of the sale of the manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield," was first represented five years ago in Dublin on the occasion of the Trinity College Tercentenary, and has since been played all through the country. Mr. Moore's success in dealing tactfully with historic personages, without making them talk in the big bow-wow style, is strongly contrasted with the emphatic failure of a little play on precisely the same subject lately produced in London.

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* Walter Scott, 1893.

The newspapers have reported a "copyright performance" of another play, on a larger scale, called "Nell Gwynn," which is, I surmise, an amplified version of Mr. Frankfort Moore's story from "The Impudent Comedian"—a volume of short stories, all fruit ripe for plucking by the dramatist. Mr. Moore, however, has prudently anticipated the plunderer, and has set up, as one may say, a warning notice, "Trespassers Beware." His "Phyllis of Philistia" already exists as an unacted comedy, and he is engaged in preparing a version for the stage of his latest novel, now in course of publication, "The Millionaires." Of these things, however, it is yet too soon to write. For the present purpose, *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.*

MR. ZANGWILL'S NEW BOOK.*

MR. ZANGWILL'S Jewish work has widened in scope since the days when he treated with kindly irony the follies of the community from week to week in a newspaper now defunct. His first artistic presentment of Jewish life was in the "Ghetto Tragedies," in which he illuminated as by lightning flashes the deeper aspects of the sordid life of the Ghetto. The Tragedies were written before, though they were published after, "The Children of the Ghetto," which absolutely made Mr. Zangwill's reputation as a masterly delineator of a certain *couche sociale*. He attempted to do in that book what George Eliot had tried to do in *Middlemarch*, describe a whole section of society through the art form of fiction. In his present work he aspires to these higher flights, and has attempted in a series of *contes* to display the inmost feeling of a whole race, of a whole creed.

In one sense there can be no doubt of the success of his very ambitious scheme. With marvellous industry and with no small amount of erudition, he has packed together into the scenes dealing with the Uriela Acosta, Sabbatai Zevi, Spinoza, the Baal Shem, Maimon, Heine, Lassalle and Beaconsfield, just those incidents and sayings of their careers which bring out most clearly their Jewish aspects. Those who are familiar with Heine will recognise the ingenuity with which Mr. Zangwill has woven into the monologue attributed to him, almost all the characteristic things he said about Judaism and about his own relations to it. So, too, in the account of Spinoza, almost all the incidents of his career are brought into the picture, though it must be owned, few of them in relation to his ancestral creed. Somewhat the same might be said of the description of Lassalle, where Mr. Zangwill has been obliged to put himself in competition with Mr. Meredith. Perhaps the most perfect of these studies is that contained in the three or four pages devoted to Lord Beaconsfield. Never before, so far as I am aware, have the secret springs of that curious personality been so suggestively laid bare. The detachment from English life which gave him so much leverage, the mixture of reticence and display, are all traced back to the Jewish element.

Mr. Zangwill has been equally successful with the other remarkable Jews of the past, with whose names the world is less familiar. The meteoric career of Sabbatai Zevi, who was accepted by the Jews as their Messiah as late as 1666, has never yet been adequately presented in art form, and would have deserved even fuller treatment than that given to it in this book. The almost equally remarkable personality of Baal Shem will come perhaps as even a greater surprise to the outside world, who little know the depths of mysticism which exist among a people generally credited with excessive adherence to practical aims. His followers still exist in large numbers in Poland and Galicia, and form in modern Judaism a sect which may perhaps best be described as a combination of the Quakers and the Shakers.

Now, these historic Dreamers of the Ghetto are possibly only introduced in order to serve as *pièces justificatifs* to prove the existence of the Ghetto Dream, which occurs in so many various forms. Remarkable movements for the recovery of the Holy Land as a national centre for Jews led last summer to the meeting of a congress at Basle, attended by representatives from all the Jewries of Europe. Mr. Zangwill has here a vivid account of these Dreamers in congress, and shows at the same time that he is not unaware of the practical difficulties and inconsistencies involved in the underlying suggestions. Indeed, it appears to have been Mr. Zangwill's plan to hint at the unreal nature of Israel's Dream in all its forms. The last sentence of his Preface runs, "This book is the story of a Dream that has not come true." The same idea is vividly expressed in the penultimate chapter of the book, which, to a Jew at least, comes home with the greatest force of all. This imagines another Jew endowed with all the culture of his time returning after many years to the ancestral home in the Venetian Ghetto on the night of Passover, when, according to immemorial custom, the family gather together. While the paterfamilias is going through an old Volkslied, which winds up the service, his prodigal son goes through the course of his spiritual history up to the moment when he recognises that all ideals—national, religious, and individual—are illusions, and he glides out to drown himself in the canal. Having given up the riddle of life, he gives up life itself. Mr. Zangwill here puts in the most picturesque form the problem that meets all moderns—the worth of the individual life, which is complicated in the case of the Jewish individual by further doubts as to the worth of the communal life of which he forms part. Yet this counsel of despair is characteristically followed by an epilogue in which a modern scribe in Jerusalem looks forward to the time when a new expression shall be given to the religious life which shall recognise the modern spirit and the ancient ideals, and the book concludes with a remarkable hymn to the Yahweh, giving expression to all his new ideals. Yes, Mr. Zangwill is himself a Dreamer of the Ghetto.

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* "The Dreamers of the Ghetto." 6s. (Heinemann.)

Whether the particular form in which Mr. Zangwill presents his own and other Jews' dreams is that most suitable for bringing them home to the outside world, it is difficult for one who views them from the inside to judge. As is usual with him, he puts so much into each of his sections that it is doubtful whether the resultant impression can be a clear one. It is somewhat difficult even from the inside to gather the exact nature of the Dream which occurs in so many forms throughout the book. Is it the reconciliation of God and Man through the Jew? Then one does not quite see what Lassalle and Beaconsfield, not to mention Spinoza and Heine, are doing in this particular galley. Is it the triumph of Jewish ideals in general that is the Dream? Then again, the persons of Spinoza and Lassalle have to be accounted for. But it is perhaps the many-sidedness of the Dream that Mr. Zangwill desires to bring out, that many-sidedness which makes the figure of the Jew so enigmatic yet so interesting, whether by way of attraction or repulsion. At any rate, Mr. Zangwill has sufficiently indicated the existence of ideals in the modern Jewry, and that by itself is a novel idea enough to the outer world to justify the existence of his book. The financier, the sweater, and the pedlar do not exhaust the possibilities of the Ghetto; it has always included its dreamers as well.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

GEORG BRANDES: THE DANISH CRITIC.

By MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE.

MANY people say that literary criticism is a thing of the past; but there are still a few of the old school of notable reviewers left, and undoubtedly one of the finest of these is Georg Brandes, the Dane. He is a *great* critic; literature is his hobby and his profession; he has studied the subject deeply, he has lectured and written books on the writers and writings of many countries. Therefore, no man is to-day more capable of analysing, criticising, and expounding the works of Shakespeare than this brilliant Scandinavian. He has just completed two ponderous volumes on the subject of this world-renowned writer and his plays. They have been translated into English and brought out most luxuriously by Mr. William Heinemann; the Bacon controversy is ably discussed within the volumes, their value for reference being much increased by Miss Beatrice Jackson's excellent index. What a boon and a blessing to men a good index really is!

"Shakespeare" was originally delivered as a series of lectures at the Copenhagen University, and then printed in an enlarged form. It met with universal success in Scandinavia, and promises to be equally popular in England. So much for Brandes' latest work, which will be treated more fully elsewhere. Now to describe the man himself.

From Photo by] DR. GEORG BRANDES. [*F. Rüse, Copenhagen.*

Georg Brandes was born in Copenhagen nearly sixty years ago. His dark hair, which in the usual Scandinavian fashion he wears brushed straight back from his square forehead, is rapidly turning grey. He has a clever, quick, sharp face, thoughtful eyes, and a very energetic manner, so full of gesticulation that it seems almost dramatic. His speech is fast and impressive, and altogether he strikes one as an observer with clearly-thought-out views of men and customs. He is fond of congenial society and always attracts a clever coterie around him, no matter in what part of the world he may pitch his camp. No one has read literature more widely or with a keener insight; his study, even minus its occupant, would tell one this. It is a large room, with bookcases running along three sides of the walls almost from floor to ceiling. They literally groan under the weight of books in several languages. Here are great masses of English literature, among which we note well-thumbed volumes of Swinburne, of whom Brandes is a great admirer, and of John Stuart Mill, many of whose works he has translated. He has paid one or two short visits to England; indeed he was over here a few months ago arranging about the production of "Shakespeare." The Dane, although speaking English with an effort, reads and writes it with the greatest ease; French he knows equally well, and of the German tongue he is a master, lecturing as fluently in that language as he does in Danish. His thoughts fly rapidly and he is a quick writer: hence the many volumes that bear his name.

Another division of that bookcase is filled with French volumes, notable among which are to be found editions of Taine, on whose philosophy Brandes wrote a popular work in Danish. Further on are six volumes, the outcome of a series of lectures delivered by Brandes in 1871 on the progressive movements of the century, as shown in the works of the greatest European writers. The English volume contains exhaustive criticisms on Shelley and Byron.

For a man who has visited many lands Brandes' room is singularly devoid of curios. He seems always to have been devoted to books, old and rare editions being a hobby, but, unlike his friend Ibsen, he has spent little time in collecting *objets d'art*.

The window of his study commands a quaint view over one of those many canals with which Copenhagen is riddled, and on whose waters picturesque barges everlastingly ply to and fro. It is from a writing-table in this window that Herr Brandes looks on the old town he knows and loves so well.

We hardly think he would agree with Schopenhauer's definition of reading—that "it is merely a substitute for one's own thoughts, or thinking with someone else's head instead of your own"—but judging by the neatness of Brandes' room he would thoroughly endorse the great German philosopher's lines when he says, "the largest library in disorder is not so useful as a smaller but orderly one; in the same way the greatest amount of knowledge, if it has not been worked out in one's own mind, is of less value than a much smaller amount that has been fully considered." The Danish critic is the very essence of order and neatness. Brandes is not only one of those men who reads, but who is read. He has travelled much, and being an excellent linguist, holds the golden key to acquire knowledge in foreign lands. As a young man he studied law, but shortly turned his attention to philosophy and literature, and at twenty-four years of age went to Paris for a couple of years. Subsequently he roamed through Italy, Germany, and Switzerland; indeed, he lived for some years in *der Vaterland*, and for a considerable time in Russia, where he lectured on literature, at the same time receiving Russian impressions which form the subject of one of his most interesting volumes.

Denmark was mentally lethargic after the unhappy wars of 1864, and then it was that Brandes, blessed with the energy of youth, courage, and talent, demanded full freedom, religious, political, and intellectual. He also claimed access for women to all such positions as they were capable of filling. His novel gospel acted as a tempestuous gale of agitation, and admiration and antagonism met him on every side. Many of the most brilliant writers of Scandinavia rallied round his banner, among them Ibsen, Björnson, Kielland, Elster Holger, Drachmann, the Danish poet, and Jacobson, the novelist. A large number of people, however, stood aghast at his somewhat socialistic ideas. Owing perhaps to his religious views, he never compassed what one might call popularity, and the Chair of Literature in the Copenhagen University was actually kept vacant for twenty years rather than give it to Georg Brandes, who would have adorned and made it a brilliant success! He holds the degree of "Privatdocent," so is able to give lectures at the University, and, being an excellent speaker, he always enjoys a large audience; but although he has gained much ground during the last ten years, many of the High Church party remain against him. Like Disraeli, Brandes is a Jew by birth: hence his wonderfully sympathetic volume on the great English statesman-novelist.

Brandes has always been one of Ibsen's staunchest admirers; indeed the enormous success of the Norwegian is in no slight measure due to the masterful appreciation penned by the Dane, who, although so devoted an admirer of Ibsen, has never waxed enthusiastic on the subject of Björnson, whom many consider the finer writer of the two. Georg Brandes was very ill last autumn, probably the result of overwork, for he is a man whose brain is never at rest; and having completed this great Shakespearian treatise, he is now wandering about the Continent in search of health and recreation. All must wish him a speedy and complete recovery, for the Danish critic is one of the stars of the European world of literature. He has done much brilliant work in the past, and we may confidently hope for many more striking volumes and criticisms in the future.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. J. B. PINKER.

It was because he saw the great possibilities of a literary agency, and believed there was special need of a particular kind of agent, that Mr. J. B. Pinker forsook journalism proper for his present occupation.

A Londoner born, he is young, shrewd, business-like, and has genuine literary instinct. After passing through the usual journalistic mill, he became editor of *Black and White*, and subsequently helped to launch *Pearson's Magazine*—acting as editor under Mr. Pearson. He resigned the latter post to start his agency about two years ago, and has now an established position. His offices are on the first floor of Effingham House, Arundel-street, Strand, and here the other day I had a chat with him. My call interrupted Mr. Pinker in the reading of a manuscript. "I spend all my odd moments reading manuscripts," he remarked; "I read manuscripts here whenever I can snatch a few minutes of the day, and I pore over them when I go home at night."

"Why this devotion to manuscripts?"

"When I started as a literary agent, it was part of my scheme to read carefully every manuscript I handled. My idea was not simply to relieve the man of established reputation from the worry of business, but to take up the unknown man, the youngster struggling for reputation and bread and butter, and help him to build his reputation. To do this, of course, it is necessary first to decide that the man is worth working for, and then to give him ungrudging help—reading all his work, and giving any suggestions my experience prompts. Another reason for reading everything is, that in my editorial work I frequently received from a literary agent big bundles of manuscripts, many of them ludicrously unsuited to the periodical for which I was reading. The result was of course a great waste of my time, and I know that many editors will not go through these big parcels. It seemed to me that a great deal remained to be done in this direction. By sending to an editor only those things which are 'in his line' I save him trouble, and get better results for my clients. Here is a letter from an editor asking me for three or four stories: 'If you can send some by bearer,' he says, 'and assure me they are suitable for me, I will not trouble to read them myself, as I know I can rely on your judgment.' It is worth some labour to win testimonials like that."

"I see; you are not merely literary agent, but also literary adviser and friendly critic. But reading so many manuscripts must be a tedious, time-consuming, and often barren process?"

"Yes, it involves a very great deal of work for me, but it, is work worth doing, and although, in some instances, I have worked for months for a young client without any return, I find that the return always comes sooner or later. With my established clients, I still read the manuscripts before they go out, because, whilst the agent has no right to assume the position of critic, he can, if he be a man of experience, frequently be of help, and reputations are made and destroyed so rapidly to-day that a man wants all the 'tips' he can get." Inexhaustible patience and conscientious thoroughness are evidently part of Mr. Pinker's stock-in-trade.

"Have you ever discovered any prizes in manuscripts, or introduced new writers to the world?"

"Yes, I have found prizes, but they are rare; if one finds one in six months it is worth a lot of work to get it. If you look at the names on my books you will find that several of them were almost unknown two years ago."

"Are your clients numerous?"

"It would have been easy to treble the number. I pride myself less on the number than on the worth of them. I do not think one agent can act for an indiscriminate number of men successfully; they are bound to jostle one another. Then it is physically impossible for a man to give close personal attention to each client when he has many. Naturally he gives the best of his time to the big writers. Of course one can have clerks who can pack up MSS. and dump them down wholesale in editors' offices, but that is worse than useless to young authors. You must take each one as if he were your only client, see that his work is as good as he can make it, and then run him as if he were the best man on your list. Any business man can get good prices for a well-known author, but there's some fun in singling out a youngster from the crowd of unknown and pushing him to the top. My ambition is to have a few clients, and add to the list each year some of the young writers who want help. Among my clients are H. G. Wells, J. F. Sullivan, the artist and author (I act for both writers and artists), W. W. Jacobs, Maclaren Cobban, Cutcliffe Hyne, Barry Pain, Pett Ridge, Miss Nora Vynne, Miss Netta Syrett, 'G. Colmore,' 'George Egerton,' Halliwell Sutcliffe, Marriott Watson, Edwin Pugh, Cope Cornford, A. J. Dawson, Ernest Rhys, and W. F. Shannon—to mention a few names as they occur. Frederic Villiers is also a client of mine, and I make all the complicated arrangements for his campaigns."

"Can you tell me what kind of literary product is now most in demand?"

"The demand for short stories continues to increase. Despite the multitude of writers, it is difficult to get work with distinction in it. There are hosts of people, never so many as now, who can turn out middling stuff, but the writers of really good short stories are not numerous."

"What effect has the multiplication of periodicals had on prices?"

"Sent them both up and down. All the leading magazines want the front-rank men, consequently their prices are rising. On the other hand, the enormous increase in the number of magazines which, in order to live, have to be produced at the minimum of cost, and the multiplication of writers who have a certain facility but never get any higher, have, I think, tended to lower prices for hack work."

Mr. Pinker believes that within the near future first-class authors will be paid at even higher rates than now. He thinks that some enterprising person will revolutionise book publishing as Messrs. Harmsworth, for instance, have the periodical publications business; enormous circulations will be secured, and authors will be paid correspondingly high prices.

A. D.

THE JOURNALIST.

THE STAFF OF THE *STAR* AND THE *MORNING LEADER*.

The *Star*—as its enterprising Birthday Number on January 17th reminded us—is now ten years old. It is owned by a small private company. The *Morning Leader* was started under the same management on May 4th, 1892. Professor James Stuart, M.P., has been Chairman of the Board of Directors since 1890. Mr. Ernest Parke is managing editor of both papers. Born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1860, and educated at its Grammar School, he became reporter for the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, and some years after sub-editor of the *Midland Echo*. He came to London in 1884 to join the staff of the *Echo*, and three years later associated himself with Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. H. W. Massingham in founding the *Star*. Mr. Parke's time is fully occupied in managing the two papers, and consequently he writes little. The assistant-editor of the *Star* is Mr. H. S. Maclauchlan, who joined the staff in 1892. A son of the manse, he was educated at Edinburgh Academy and University. Journeying South, he was associated in turn with the Sunderland *Echo*, the London *Echo*, and—as editor—the *Portsmouth Evening News*. He contributes to the leading columns of the *Star*, has charge of "Mainly About People," writing much of it himself, and occasionally does a short story. Other two leader writers are Mr. Jamas Douglas, who sometimes strays into verse and dramatic criticism, and Mr. Gordon Hewart, who just now is supplying the Parliamentary sketch. Mr. Hewart joined the staff of the *Star* on leaving Oxford. Having made a specialty of Indian questions, he keeps the *Star* well posted on them, and also edits *India*. Mr. J. R. Geard is City editor of both papers. The chief sub-editor of the *Star* is Mr. J. W. Neal, who joined the paper at the start. For the last five years Mr. Wilson Pope has been the chief reporter. "Captain Coe," the "prophet" and sporting editor, who left the *Echo* to join the *Star* at its commencement, is known in private life as Mr. E. C. Mitchell. Mr. Alfred Gibson ("Rover") is at the head of the athletic department; he joined the staff in 1891 as a football contributor. "Women's World and Fashions" is in charge of Miss Kate Smith, who also assists in other departments. Mr. A. B. Walkley is dramatic critic, Mr. Joseph Pennell is art critic; both have written for the *Star* since its commencement. Mr. Le Gallienne is the chief writer on literary subjects; during his sojourn in America Mr. John Davidson is filling the gap. Mr. A. Kalisch has recently been appointed music critic. The head of the pictorial department of both papers is Mr. W. Hartley, who has a large staff of assistants and contributors, including Mr. A. Moreland, caricaturist, who did the sketches from English History which appeared in the *Leader*, and have since been published in book form, Mr. Ernest Goodwin ("Gee"), and Mr. J. C. Clark ("Vim"). The *Star* has occasional correspondents all over the world, and its Birthday Number brought it into touch with many foreign journalists. Between 10 a.m and 6 p.m. from six to nine editions are issued.

On the *Leader* the chief writer is Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes; he supplies most of the leaders, the Parliamentary sketch, and "Sub Rosa." The news editor is Mr. W. A. Ebbutt, and the chief sub-editor is Mr. David P. Saunders, both having been members of the staff five or six years. Mr. Saunders is the writer of the column signed "D. Pitkethly." "Uno," the sport editor, is Mr. Charley Edwards, who came with "Captain Coe" from the *Echo*. The dramatic critic is Mr. S. R. Littlewood, who joined the *Leader* on the cessation of the *Courier*. The art critic is Mr. Arthur Tomson, whose pictures have been hung in several exhibitions. The music critic is Mr. P. Cross Standing, formerly editor of the *Idler*.

Mr. W. Homeyard is the advertisement manager of both papers. Mr. John Britton Jones has been the head of the printing department from the first. The publisher is Mr. E. Lush. Mr. George Brown, formerly of the *Echo*, generally supervises the business department.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

There is, we understand, no truth in the report that Mr. Sidney Low, late editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, will succeed Mr. W. H. Mudford in the editorship of the *Standard*. Mr. Mudford's retirement, moreover, may not take place for some time to come.

Captain Brown, sub-editor of the *Evening Standard*, has joined the Parliamentary staff of the *Standard*, being succeeded by Mr. H. Bussey, of the Gallery staff. Mr. F. Piper, of the *Standard* Gallery staff, fills the post of sub-editor of the *Standard* vacated by the death of Mr. G. V. Marsh. Mr. Herlichy, formerly of the *Freeman's Journal*, has joined the Parliamentary staff in place of Mr. Piper. The brilliant descriptive abilities of Mr. W. Maxwell, late of the *Standard* Gallery staff, have been recognised by his appointment as special descriptive writer for the *Standard*. He has received instructions to proceed to the Soudan, but will not go out until the Nile rises and the advance on Khartoum is imminent.

Moonshine, which has now been established twenty years, was acquired by a small private syndicate as from January 1st this year, and a new editor, Mr. T. Baron Russell, was appointed immediately. Mr. Russell has writen a book on Americanisms, and is a contributor to a number of English and American periodicals. At the end of this month Mr. John Lane will publish "A Guardian of the Poor," a volume of short stories—some reprinted from the *Yellow Book*, some new—by Mr. Russell. The late editor of *Moonshine*, Mr. Arthur Clements, the well known dramatic critic, continues to give the paper the benefit of his great experience, especially in regard to the cartoon, which is drawn by Mr. Alfred Bryan. Great changes have been introduced and have been marked by a steady rise in circulation. The theatrical article, which has attracted some attention, is written by the new editor, and illustrated by Mr. Horace Morehen. The parliamentary article, illustrated by Mr. Bryan, is written by the sub-editor, Mr. Frank Howel, formerly on the staff of several London evening papers.

Readers of our recent article on the Harmsworth publications will be interested to learn that the *Heartsease Library* is now in charge of Mr. Percy C. Bishop, while Mr. G. Heath Cantle is the new editor of the *Wonder*. Mr. R. Hamilton Edwards, editor of the *Boys' Friend*, is responsible for the firm's latest halfpenny production, the *Girls' Best Friend*.

The National Press Agency, one of the most enterprising press organisations in the country, has celebrated its silver anniversary by sending an illustrated booklet to every editor in the United Kingdom.

Sir J. A. Willox, M.P., editor of the *Liverpool Courier*, has been elected President of the Birmingham Press Club.

The *Bradford Daily Telegraph*, the Liberal evening journal, founded in 1868 by the late Mr. Thomas Shields, and latterly carried on by his executors, has been acquired by a syndicate of local gentlemen.

A company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and carrying on the *Surrey Times* (Guildford), the *Woking Mail*, and the *Surrey and Hants News* (Farnham). The capital is £10,000. No shares will be offered to the public.

Mr. Samuel Bamford, editor of the *Co-operative News*, died on March 6th, after an editorial career of twenty-three years. Under his control, the *Co-operative News* became a financial success and maintained a good standard of journalism. It is probable Mr. Bamford will be succeeded by his son, who for some time has sub-edited the paper.

Mr. E. Stewart Smith, of the *Merthyr Times*, has become editor of the *West London Observer*.

Mr. J. V. Radcliffe, of the *Lincoln Leader*, has joined the staff of the *Sheffield Independent*.

The weekly which for several years has been known as the *Nottingham Argus* has changed its title to the *Nottingham City News*. A new sporting journal, the *Nottingham Daily Sportsman*, is being issued from the same office.

The *Staffordshire Sentinel*, an evening and weekly paper, published at Hanley, has been acquired by a company with a registered capital of £50,000 in £10 shares. Among the holders are Mr. William Moody, Newcastle, Staffs., Mr. Thomas Bullock, Congleton, both newspaper proprietors, and Mr. James Heath, M.P. The *Sentinel* has for many years been the Radical organ of North Staffordshire, and the effect of the introduction of well-known Unionist politicians upon the new Board of Directors remains to be seen.

Mr. George J. Wardle, who has been appointed editor of the *Railway Review*, in succession to Mr. F. Maddison, M.P., resigned, has hitherto been employed as a clerk by the Midland Railway Company, at Keighley. He has written for the journal published by the Independent Labour Party there, and has published a small volume of poems. He is just over thirty.

The death has occurred of Mr. W. R. Roger, of the staff of the *Wigan Examiner*. The eldest son of the editor of that journal, he was considered a very promising journalist.

Mr. A. Emery, of the *Sussex Daily News*, has been elected chairman for the year of the Sussex district of the Institute of Journalists.

Mr. Stanley Jones, Woking, has become editor of the *Brighton Guardian*. He replaces Mr. H. Mackinnon Walbrook, who now devotes his energies entirely to *Brighton Society*, published from the same office.

Mr. E. E. Keel, late part-proprietor of the *Leamington News*, has left Leamington to join the staff of the *Kettering Evening Telegraph*.

The staff of the *Birmingham Daily Post* has been rearranged. Mr. H. Barber, chief sub-editor, having retired on a pension, Mr. Spencer Yapp now controls the department, and the other members have received promotion. Mr. J. Wright, of the *Wolverhampton Express and Star*, will join them, taking charge of the district correspondence. In consequence of the resignation of Mr. H. Smallwood, after seventeen years' service, the reporting staff is undergoing rearrangement, Mr. Trevor Jones, of Rochdale, late of Tamworth, taking one of the junior positions.

Mr. H. Levick has succeeded Mr. Walter Smith as chief sub-editor of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, on Mr. Smith's removal to the *Yorkshire Post*. Mr. Landa takes Mr. Levick's place as second sub-editor. Mr. R. Reading, assistant sporting sub-editor of the *Gazette*, is taking an appointment on the sub-editorial staff of the *Sporting Chronicle*, Manchester.

Several changes have occurred on the Leeds press. Mr. H. H. Stuart, of the editorial staff of the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, has become editor of the *Preston Herald*, and been succeeded by Mr. Alfred Turner, descriptive reporter. His place is taken by Mr. J. H. Elgie, formerly of the *Bradford Daily Telegraph*. Mr. W. H. Bradley, who for many years has been connected with the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, is retiring from active journalism. Mr. F. W. Hirst, of the editorial staff of the *Leeds Mercury*, has joined the literary staff of Messrs. Cassell and Company, his successor being Mr. Watson, who has done yeoman service for the *Mercury*.

Mr. J. T. Wright, who has been associated with the *East*

Anglian Daily Times, at Ipswich, for some years, has joined the staff of the *Western Daily Mercury*, at Plymouth.

An effort is being made to revive the Isle of Man branch of the Institute of Journalists.

The death took place on March 18th of Mr. J. M. Brindley, editor and proprietor of the *Coventry Reporter*. Deceased, whose age was fifty-seven, was an old politician on the Conservative side, in Birmingham, and afterwards did press work at Trowbridge. In 1895 he purchased the Coventry paper, which he afterwards conducted. He never tempered his political views, and in whatever he wrote there was no misunderstanding his meaning. Without being a trained journalist, Mr. Brindley did possess some aptitude for newspaper work as a writer. The day before his death he wrote the article and some notes for the current week's paper.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. E. B. Helme and Mr. J. Weir, both of Paisley, have removed to Glasgow, the one to join the staff of the *North British Daily Mail*, and the other that of the *Evening Citizen*.

IRELAND.

Sir John Arnott, proprietor of the *Irish Times*, is seriously ill. Sir John is in his eighty-sixth year.

The death of Dr. G. V. Patton, editor of the *Daily Express*, Dublin, removes one of the most prominent of Irish journalists. He was for many years the Irish correspondent of the *Times*. He was a barrister, though he never practised, and an LL.D. of Dublin University. He wrote the leading article in the first number of the *Express* forty-six years ago.

The *Express*, we hear, has been bought by Lord Ardilaun, Mr. Horace Plunket, M.P., and Mr. Dalziel, M.P. The managing director is to be Mr. T. P. Gill, late M.P. for Louth.

The Dublin district of the Institute of Journalists has elected Mr. Walter Charles Mills, artist, to the chairmanship for 1898. We believe Mr. Mills is the first representative of the illustrated side of journalism chosen to fill such a position in the Institute.

WALES.

Mr. Sidney Stuart, editor of the *Llanelly Mercury*, has joined the staff of the *South Wales Daily News* at Cardiff, for which paper he has for some years acted as correspondent.

NEW BOOKS.

DR. BRANDES ON SHAKESPEARE.*

"It is to refute the idea of Shakespeare's impersonality . . . that the present attempt has been made. It is the author's opinion that, given the possession of forty-five important works by any man, it is entirely our own fault if we know nothing about him. The poet has incorporated his whole individuality in these writings, and there, if we can read aright, we shall find him."

Set over against these words of Dr. Brandes, certain words of the learned editor of the New Variorum Shakespeare, Dr. Furness, and the most important issue raised by this admirable book is stated: "I turn to the plays themselves, and, lost in their grandeur and their beauties, find that I am indifferent as to when they were written, where they were written, or even by whom they were written. Standards for measuring them we have none; they stand by themselves, written by no mortal hand. Well is it for him, and for us, that the man Shakespeare has faded, and left not a wrack behind."

Much, it may be said, in reply to Dr. Furness, is known of Shakespeare and of Shakespeare's life, apart from his works; but, setting this aside, the question remains: Is it possible to discover the creator in and through his works of creation? By the pursuit of a true scientific method the matter could be brought to a decisive test. Let the works of various writers, with whose personalities and lives we are sufficiently well acquainted, be examined; reduce, for the purposes of the test, our knowledge to limits which correspond with those which determine our knowledge of the man Shakespeare; let a character and a career be constructed from the writings; and finally, let the result be collated with what is actually known.

The conclusion would undoubtedly be that the character may be found in the works; that in its larger features the spiritual development of the writer can, in many instances, be divined; but that much tact is required, that the risk of error is considerable, that what is great in the material life is often trivial in the spiritual life, that the sequence of imaginative states by no means runs parallel with the sequence of external events related to them, that accident plays no small part in the origin of works of art, that it is in a high degree unsafe to conjecture a connection between inventions of the mind and contemporary occurrences of public importance, and that if the diviner passes beyond the description of a series of broadly distinguished moral states, he would do well to classify his results very carefully under the heads of certainties, probabilities, and conjectures.

Let us suppose that the facts of Sir Walter Scott's life were unknown; we should find his character, his moral temper, his likings and aversions, his intellectual culture, and some of the habits of his life written at large throughout his poems and novels; and the equable temper of many of these would lead us to infer that his spiritual progress was rather on a high terrestrial table-land than through any Inferno to a Purgatory and a Paradise. We should find it extremely difficult to determine the chronology of the Waverley novels; we might perceive a failing hand in a few; we might place these in a period of decline, and might be encountered by critics who would place them in a period of apprenticeship. If we succeeded in dating "Waverley" correctly by its second title, should we discover that it actually belongs in its origin to some ten years earlier, or that the event which led to its resumption was neither the visit of the allied sovereigns nor the failure of the Catholic Relief Bill, but simply that Scott searched an old desk to find some fishing tackle for a guest? We might perhaps discover the first conception which gave its origin to "Guy Mannering"; but should we not be tempted to invent some superfine reason for its being laid aside, while the real cause was that Scott ceased to believe that it would interest his public? "The Heart of Midlothian" was written because an anonymous correspondent communicated the story to Scott, and he thought it would please his readers. He turned to "Ivanhoe" because he supposed that he might weary his readers with Scottish themes. In the year at the close of which "Ivanhoe" appeared Sir Manasseh Lopes, whose mother was named Rebecca, was convicted and sentenced. How irresistible such a coincidence would be for literary conjecture. But Scott's interest in the Jews was unconnected with Lopes; his friend Skene had in his youth observed the Jews in Germany and tried to amuse Scott, in the intervals of acute bodily suffering, with reminiscences of the past. The tale of Jeanie Deans is connected only by contrast with the tale of the Master of Ravenswood, which lies so near it in order of time; but the triumph of Jeanie, an unconventional heroine, suggested some years later the possible success of an unconventional hero in "The Fortunes of Nigel." "The Pirate" of 1821 has its biographical source in its author's voyage, seven years earlier, with the Commissioners for the Northern Lighthouse service. The subject of "Saint Ronan's Well" was chosen through a mere desire for novelty.

We learn from a study of Scott the importance of considering the relation of an author to his public, when he is an author one of whose chief aims is necessarily to give immediate pleasure; we learn also that in the evolution of works of art the treatment of one theme may compel a writer into an opposite direction, or, as in the case of "The Abbot" and "Kenilworth," may push him forward in the same direction. Were Molière to be studied under the disadvantages suggested for the purposes of a test, the results might be more satisfactory. Molière, with a finer dramatic genius than Scott, is less purely an objective artist. His whole mind is discovered in his plays; we know through them every essential feature of the man. And to a certain extent we might succeed in determining a succession of moral states. We could hardly fail to distinguish "Tartufe," "Don Juan," and "Le Misanthrope" as forming a group by themselves, and that a group which exhibits his genius at its highest flight. But, judging merely from the data which indicate a moral state, we might question whether the desolating view of life presented in "L'Avare" led up to the greater satiric plays or was part of that deposit of bitterness left in the writer's spirit after his chief contention with the hypocrisies and follies of society. We might conjecture the private grief of Molière's life from the temper of certain plays, taken in connection with particular outbreaks of feeling, such, for example, as one poignant utterance of Arnolphe. But how should we interpret the mood represented by "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"? Is it a piece of genuine gaiety? Or is its mirth the overstrained laughter of one who would resist an invasion of intolerable pain? In the case of Goethe much might be learnt; but in many instances the difficulty of dating works laid aside and resumed at several periods would be insuperable. Collating his life with his works, we learn that the dramatic study of a state of mind with him often meant, not that he was possessed by a certain mood, but that he had resolved to oppose and subdue it.

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* "William Shakespeare: A Critical Study." By George Brandes. London: (William Heinemann.) 21s. 1898.

I do not suppose, as does Dr. Brandes—penetrating and illuminating critic—that Shakespeare expresses his rage against the world through "Timon of Athens." It is the dramatic study of a mood of mind which Shakespeare had subdued. His Timon had lived in a fool's paradise; his pessimism is the recoil of a shallow idealist from one extravagant illusion to an opposite extravagance. Given the worst of all possible worlds, Shakespeare would say, it is to be encountered rather in the way of Alcibiades than that of Timon. "Troilus and Cressida" Dr. Brandes places side by side with "Timon." But the metrical evidence is almost decisive against this view, and the comedy expresses a far more arid mood of disillusion than does the Athenian tragedy. Instead of leading up to "Troilus and Cressida," as Dr. Brandes holds, the great tragedies followed that indictment of baser womanhood. Even "Troilus and Cressida" is saved from pessimism by the gallantry of the young hero and by the high worldly wisdom of Ulysses. In the great tragedies there is not a touch of true pessimism; loyalty and love contend with baseness and malignancy, and are victors even in their loss. "Timon of Athens" is Shakespeare's farewell to gloom. His recovery was wrought through his resolute energising with the problem of evil in Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, Othello. Having condemned the shallowness of weak despair in Timon, Shakespeare had uttered his mind on this subject, and naturally turned to happier themes.

An authentic exposition of Shakespeare's Sonnets must limit itself to a description of the states of mind which they express, together with their dim adumbration of real persons and facts. Nothing that can be called evidence connects the Sonnets with either Pembroke or Southampton. The identification of the woman of the Sonnets with Mary Fitton will remain as an evidence of Mr. Tyler's ingenious skill and diligent research; but the biographer, whose fabric should be spiritually substantial, cannot build on the sand. Perhaps Ben Jonson's Amorphus, in "Cynthia's Revels," was inspired by a prophetic fury when he uttered the words, "He doth feed you with *fittons*, figments, and leasings." On their guard, as they must be, against Dr. Brandes' transferences from the realm of conjecture and the region of public history into Shakespeare's private life, English scholars can give the warmest welcome to a book of great value presented in an excellent translation. Edward Dowden.

SEMITIC INFLUENCES IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY.*

The editor of The Bookman has invited me to review Mr. Robert Brown's "Semitic Influences in Greek Mythology," and, for a reason which will appear later, I have complied. But the austere student of Semitic influences must be warned of my unfeigned incompetence. Mr. Brown has the advantage of me in two points. First, he is familiar (as it seems) with Phœnician, Chaldæan, and other Oriental tongues, to me unknown. Next, he knows a great deal about myself outside the range of mythological studies. He knows about my being "fashionable," being "a friend of any number of literary men" (my friendships are not so indiscriminate), he knows about my other literary tastes and habits, and, I regret to say, he keeps filling his book with humorous comments on all this extraneous matter. Now here, again, he has the advantage of me. I know nothing about Mr. Brown except that he has written books which appeared very wild work to me when I read them. I also know (for he tells us the fact) that he "does not reside in London, Oxford, or Cambridge." If he did, he might have escaped the provincialism of dragging extraneous personal remarks into a book on "Semitic Influences in Greek Mythology." Of all people I have the least right to censure a light-hearted criticism. About my mythological opinions, my style, my many faults mythological, Mr. Brown, with my good will, may make merry, and may invoke "Umps," who, I presume, is a Semitic or "Euphratean" deity. But Mr. Brown should not open his book (p. 2) with a personal charge against me, when the slightest attention would have proved to him that his statement was, what shall I say? was absolutely baseless.

Though I cannot pronounce for or against the validity of Mr. Brown's attempt to explain Greek mythological names by Semitic etymologies; though I can only echo Mr. Max Müller's remark about people "who are satisfied with the vaguest similarities when they compare Semitic and Aryan names, without even attempting anything like scientific analysis," yet it is possible to make Mr. Brown's general position moderately clear. He leans to the philological rather than to the anthropological school. This means that, unlike Curtius and Schrader, among scholars; unlike anthropologists in general, Mr. Brown expects much from the philological analysis of old names of gods and heroes. My own objections have been urged in season and out of season, though, even yet, Mr. Brown does not seem to understand them. Let us illustrate by the name rendered "Jehovah" in our English Bible. If analysis of the name could throw any light on the original conception of Jehovah, whether as a "nature-god"—and, if so, a god of what department in nature—or even on the language in which the name was originally uttered, the results would be valuable. At present, or lately, origins of "Jehovah" have been sought in Indo-Germanic speech, in Assyro-Babylonian speech, in a translation from the Egyptian, or in "Joh, the Egyptian Moon-god"; in Kenite; in the Canaanite; and even in the language of Israel itself. Mr. Brown decides for "the Bab Yâ" (p. 153), "the Bab Yawa," so perhaps the question is settled. Now this kind of divergence of opinion about even the original language of an old divine name is prolonged by divergences of opinion as to what the name means, even when scholars chance to agree about the language whence it springs. I have said, as Mr. Brown quotes me, "competing etymologies and discrepent (*sic*) interpretations are mutually destructive." They are mutually destructive of confidence, at least, for where is the standard? Who is to decide? Scholars seem very seldom to convert each other, so much so that when Mr. Frazer induces me to reassert an alternative hypothesis, the results appear comic, to Mr. Brown. However, as he says, the scholars who differ, *inter se*, on almost everything else, agree that the divine names originally indicated some natural phenomenon. One scholar sees dawn; another, wind; another, fire; another, thunder; all in the same old name. Where is the standard?

I have remarked, and Mr. Brown cites me, "Nobody has ever denied" (here Mr. Brown adds "Umps!" the name of the being, Semitic or not, whom he occasionally invokes) "that gods who are the sun, or live in the sun, are familiar, and are the centres of myths among most races." Other gods of natural phenomena, of natural departments, are also very common. (Tyler: "Primitive Culture," ii. 255). Anthropologists know this very well. What they object to is not the theory that there are nature deities, but the wildly divergent efforts to discover what province of nature a deity represents, by competing guesses at the original source of his name, and at its original meaning. There are many savage gods whose names mean "Maker," "Master," "Father," "Ancient of Days," with no reference to natural phenomena. So we should not take it for granted that an old divine name must be explained by a reference to nature.

Mr. Brown's own position is that of one who seeks for the meaning of many Greek divine names in Semitic philology. When he is not making merry over me, he is expounding this hypothesis. In itself no theory can be more probable; the early Greeks were in secular contact with Semitic races. But only the general agreement of Oriental scholars can persuade mere students of Greek that the hero Palamedes is "Baal-Middoh," while Bellerophon is "Baal-Raphon," "le dieu de la sante," as Mr. Brown says. What has Bellerophon, of whom Homer tells the tale, to do with "*la sante*"? May "Baal" become, indifferently, *Pal*, or *Bell*, in Greek? Again, Mr. Brown derives Poseidon from πόσις (the Greek for "husband," and originally for "lord") and *i-Tân*, which, in Phœnician, means "isle of Tân," that is, Crete. The whole argument is on pages 126-128. It may be correct, but scholars must decide as to whether Greek and Semitic words can be wedded thus, and to this result. Heracles, again, is "Hare-khâl, the Traveller." Dionysus, the wine-god, is "Chaldæan *Dian nisi*, Judge of men"; a theory which, I think, fails to satisfy Professor Tiele. These principles, and this etymological method, are applied to a considerable range of subjects, and Semitic scholars must draw their own conclusions.

To end with the personal matter which I wish to elucidate; on page 2 Mr. Brown writes, "it is upon his great contributions to human knowledge and to human thought, and not merely upon an elegant and luminous style, as Mr. Lang suggests in a compliment which, however well meant, closely borders upon an insult, that Professor Müller's permanent fame will securely rest." Now Mr. Brown (p. 31) accuses me of "most seriously misrepresenting my opponents." I have not room to justify the remarks censured, and nobody can hope to escape from some unconscious errors in this kind. But Mr. Brown has "seriously misrepresented" me in a personal matter. I never said, or dreamed, that the fame of Mr. Max Müller rested on his style! I remarked that his fame, "the most steady and brilliant light of all which crowns the brows of contemporary scholars, is the well-earned reward, not of mythological lore, nor of cunning fence in controversy, but of *wide learning* and exquisitely luminous style." Elsewhere in the same book, I spoke of Mr. Max Müller's "vast erudition, his enviable style, his unequalled contributions to scholarship." In my poor opinion all our "mythological lore" (except, perhaps, Mr. Brown's), all our attempts to disentangle "this old Gordian knot," are tentative and temporary. I have no longer any confidence in our efforts.

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* "Semitic Influences in Greek Mythology." By Robert Brown, Junior, F.S.A., M.R.A.S. 7s. 6d. (Williams and Norgate.)

But learning like Mr. Max Müller's is deeply and securely based beneath "the waves of war" about interpretations of old obscure divine names and fantastic deities. I have read Mr. Brown's book with regretful interest; his corrections of me in matters of fact (pp. 58-61) are a tissue of errors, and it would be vain flattery to say that I can study his book, like the Apocrypha, "for example of manners."

ANDREW LANG.

THE LATER RENAISSANCE.*

In this the second volume of Prof. Saintsbury's series of "Periods of European Literature," Mr. Hannay has coped with not the least arduous of the twelve tasks, all more or less Herculean, imposed by its plan. The palmy days of Spain, the spacious times of Elizabeth, France of the Pléiade, and the Italy of Tasso—all to be expounded in less than 400 pages of large print! And the difficulty lay by no means altogether in the formidable range of learning implied. If the book was to be a book, and not a series of slices from several literary histories strung together, the elements of common aim and inspiration, the fundamental animus of the whole epoch had to be brought, and kept, continually in the reader's view. Mr. Hannay has expressed this common note of the Renascence in a sentence which it would be hard to better: "A love of beauty, a sense of joy, a vehement longing for strong expressions of individual character and of passion, a delight in the exercise of a bold inquisitive intellect—all these and the reaction from them, which is a deep melancholy, are the notes of the Renaissance." This, however, occurs on almost the last page; not, where it was more needed, on one of the first; and, in general, the constructive ideas which the book undoubtedly contains are hardly emphasised in proportion to the natural dispersiveness of the material they should bind together.

The *pièce de résistance* of the volume is clearly the account of Spanish literature which occupies the first half. Mr. Hannay is here a past master, and his pronounced and independent criticism gives his work definite value, notwithstanding its hopelessly inadequate scale. The latter defect is most apparent in the two chapters on the drama, one of which, in some thirty pages, relates its course from the dim origins to the "School of Calderon," while the other describes some five typical plays. Where those "heroes of fertility," Calderon and Lope, come off so hardly, others can have little to expect; but one may demur to the summary dismissal, as one of "Calderon's school," of a consummate artist like Moreto, who was not only the author of one or two of the most perfect comedies in the world, but, unlike most of his fellow-dramatists in Spain, had the gift of creating character. On the whole we think that Mr. Hannay does something less than justice to the Spanish stage, though his incisive criticisms are always instructive. He seems to be by constitution excessively alive to the defects of Romanticism, and is apt to handle the glittering arabesques of Spanish fancy with the irritated sarcasm of a Jeffrey reviewing Keats. Yet nothing is harder to appreciate than the full significance of the imagery of an alien people. How many of Shakspeare's daring phrases, which to us seem to capture the very soul of passion while glaringly remote from any language it is ever heard to use, would have seemed foolishness to the Greeks!

The chapter on the novelists deals with a more limited field, and is one of the most striking in the book. Unlike many of his predecessors, Mr. Hannay writes of the romances of chivalry in language not paraphrased from the early chapters of "Don Quixote"; he can intervene to point out the humble merits of a maligned species; while, on the other hand, he applies a needed corrective to the high reputation readily yielded by our age of realism to the "Picaresque" forerunners of Fielding and Le Sage.

Elizabethan Renascence was more trodden ground, and to tread it again craved warier walking. It must be owned that we are sometimes disposed to ask in these chapters: Why once more the familiar story—the familiar points reiterated with the familiar emphasis—how Greene was a bad liver but a sweet lyrist, and Marlowe a glorious poet but a poor dramatist; how the "Jew of Malta" falls off towards the end, and the sublimity of "Faustus" is mixed with horseplay? It is true that many acute remarks, and especially some highly suggestive comparisons with Spain, are interspersed. Take for instance this really valuable dramaturgic observation: "In England, as in Spain, much was inevitably written to please what may be called the bear-garden element in the audience In Spain this tended to separate itself into the *pasos, mojigangas, entreméses*, dances, and so forth, which were given between the three *jornadas* of the *comedia*. With us, all was thrown into the five acts of the play, and this difference in mechanical arragement was not without influence on literary form." But we wish that, instead of this *rechauffé* a little flavoured and seasoned, Mr. Hannay had given us a thorough reworking of the whole history in its relation to the Renascence. That has never been done in its entirety, though many beginnings have been made—I may call attention to the very scholarly treatise of Dr. Rudolf Fischer, *Zur Kunstentwicklung der englischen Tragödie* (Trübner),—and it would have been a proper task for this book. As Mr. Hannay well says, England occupied in this respect a middle place between Spain, which resisted classical influence, and France, which absorbed it. Hardly one considerable English writer was untouched by it, none adopted it intact; in Spenser, Marlowe, Shakspeare, Sidney, Sackville, Lyly it suffered a transmutation into something (in varying degrees) "rich and strange." The Eclogue in Spenser, the Greek "Euphues" in Ascham and Lyly, Achilles and Cæsar in Shakespeare, and many another example of the glorious barbarism of the English Renascence, however familiar individually, would have gained immensely by being organised in a continuous narrative. Instead of this, Mr. Hannay thinks it necessary to regale us with Steevens well-worn summary of "all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare," and to inveigh against the entire superstructure raised thereon by subsequent scholarship as "guess work," distinguished only in degree from the achievements of Miss Delia Bacon. That is petulant. But the petulance is, it must be owned, rooted in a genuine passion for first-hand contact with literature, and an impatience of whatever tampers with the freshness of immediate impressions. This healthy independence is everywhere apparent in Mr. Hannay's book, and gives it virility and force even where, as we must think, a subtler and more penetrating sympathy would have made it richer and deeper. We will not part with it without emphasising once more the many-sided learning it displays, the high excellence of several chapters, and the felicities of observation scattered through all.

C. H. HERFORD.

MR. RHYS' WELSH BALLADS.*

The movement that found a typical expression in the consolations of "In Memoriam," in the speculations of "Locksley Hall," in the dialectics of "Bishop Blougram's Apology," in the invective of "Le Châtiments," and found its explanation when Matthew Arnold called art a criticism of life, has been followed by a movement that has found a typical expression in the contentment of "The Well at the World's End," in the ecstasy of "Parsifal," in the humility of "Aglavaine and Selysette," in the pride of "Axel," and might find its explanation in the saying of William Blake that art is a labour to bring again the golden age. The old movement was scientific and sought to interpret the world, and the new movement is religious, and seeks to bring into the world dreams and passions, which the poet can but believe to have been born before the world, and for a longer day than the world's day. This movement has made painters and poets and musicians go to old legends for their subjects, for legends are the magical beryls in which we see life, not as it is, but as the heroic part of us, the part which desires always dreams and emotions greater than any in the world, and loves beauty and does not hate sorrow, hopes in secret that it may become. Because a great portion of the legends of Europe, and almost all of the legends associated with the scenery of these islands, are Celtic, this movement has given the Celtic countries a sudden importance, and awakened some of them to a sudden activity.

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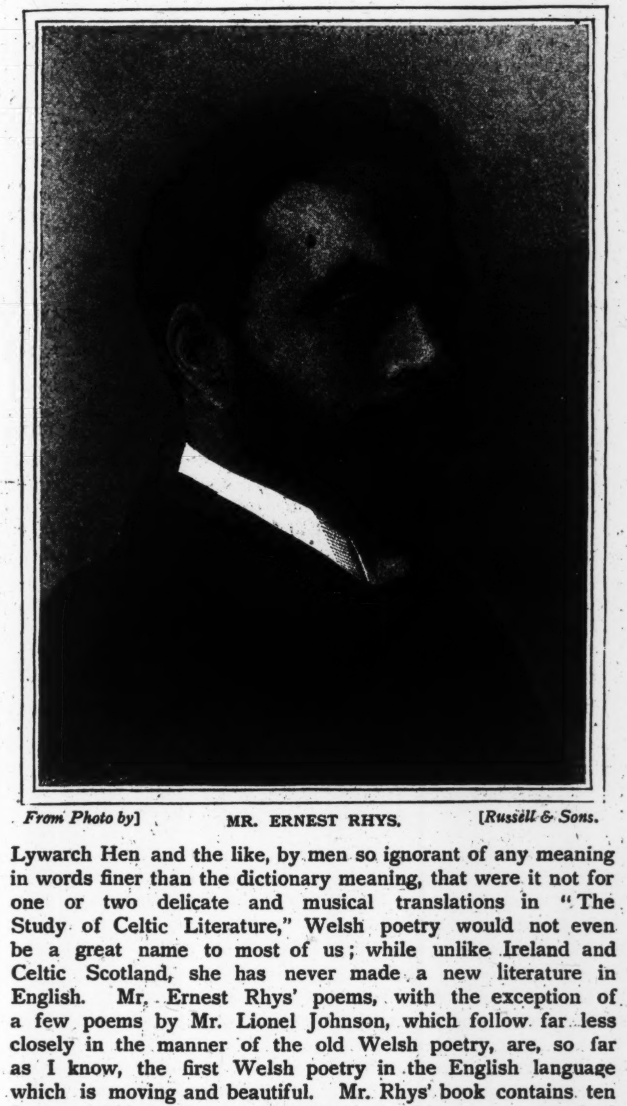
* "Periods of European Literature." Edited by Prof. Saintsbury. VI., "The Later Renaissance." By David Hannay. 5s. (Blackwood.)

* "Welsh Ballads." By Ernest Rhys. (David Nutt.)



From Photo by] MR. ERNEST RHYS. [*Russell & Sons.*

Wales, which gives us so much excellent scholarship, seems alone untouched by a propagandist fire, for since Lady Guest's "Mabenogian," she has given us little of her old literature, except prose translations from Taliesin and Davyth ap Gwilym and Lywarch Hen and the like, by men so ignorant of any meaning in words finer than the dictionary meaning, that were it not for one or two delicate and musical translations in "The Study of Celtic Literature," Welsh poetry would not even be a great name to most of us; while unlike Ireland and Celtic Scotland, she has never made a new literature in English. Mr. Ernest Rhys' poems, with the exception of a few poems by Mr. Lionel Johnson, which follow far less closely in the manner of the old Welsh poetry, are, so far as I know, the first Welsh poetry in the English language which is moving and beautiful. Mr. Rhys' book contains ten free translations from the Welsh, some dozen poems inspired by Welsh legends, and some eighteen or nineteen poems more or less inspired by Welsh scenery, and one translation from the Irish. The translations are particularly excellent, and make one look eagerly for the life of Davyth ap Gwilym, the greatest of the mediæval Welsh poets, illustrated with translations, which he announces as in preparation, in his notes on "The Poet of the Leaves." These stanzas from different parts of "The Song of the Graves," a condensation of a poem of seventy-three (Mr. Rhys says seventy-two) stanzas in "The Black Book of Carmarthen," are an example of his manner at its best.

"In graves where drips the winter rain,
Lie those that loved me most of men:
Cerwyd, Cywrid, Caw, lie slain.

In graves where the grass grows rank and tall,
Lie, well avenged ere they did fall:
Gwrien, Morien, Morial.

In graves where drips the rain, the dead
Lie, that not lightly bowed the head:
Gwrien, Gwen, and Gwried.

Seithenin's lost mind sleeps by the shore,
'Twixt Cinran and the grey sea's roar;
Where Caer Cenedir starts up before.

In Abererch lies Rhyther' Hael,
Beneath the earth of Llan Morvael;
But Owain ab Urien in lonelier soil.

Mid the dreary moor, by the one oak tree,
The grave of stately Siawn may be;
Stately, treacherous, and bitter was he!

Mid the salt sea-marsh where the tides have been,
Lie the sweet maid, Sanaw; the warrior Rhyn;
And Hennin's daughter, the pale Earwyn.

And this may the grave of Gwythur be;
But who the world's great mystery,—
The grave of Arthur shall ever see?"

And so on, for the remembrance of Arthur is not the climax, but only a passing moment of a more unearthly sorrow in a dirge which must fade out with the same impassioned monotony in which it began. "The Calends of Winter," in which Mr. Rhys has certainly improved his original by giving appropriateness to the moral saying which seems to have been added to each stanza by some mediæval copyist without thought of the meaning of the stanza, is almost as fine; and "The Song of the Wind," and "The Lament of Lywarch Hen," and "The Lament for Cyndylan," and, indeed, all the translations are beautiful in their different ways. "The House of Hendré," which is inspired by some legend of a poet who saw in a vision the seven heavens, and Merlin and Arthur there, and the heroes and the poets about them, and his own seat waiting, and so longed for death, the best of the original poems, has a melancholy, like that of curlews crying over some desolate marsh, which is partly in the words and partly in the very singular metre. The poems whose association with Wales is slighter, the mere link of the name of some Welsh village or mountain side at times, are much less successful. It is as though Mr. Rhys' imagination, which, like the imagination of a child, delights in a fanciful prettiness, needs the gravity of some old legend or old model before it can rise to a high argument. This fanciful prettiness, which, like all fanciful prettiness, is sometimes a little conventional, and an occasional indecision in the words and rhythm, is the defect of a temperament, which is shaping itself gradually, and with much labour, for beautiful expression.

W. B. YEATS.

DR. GARNETT'S HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.*

If there is a book which the English student should thankfully welcome, it certainly is the "History of Italian Literature," by Dr. Richard Garnett. It is compiled with the greatest care and exactness. The author has condensed in 400 pages a considerable amount of learning and carefully formed judgment, and has certainly done all possible justice to so vast a subject in so limited a compass. It is however greatly to be regretted that he should have been forced to condense to the extent he has done. He speaks of course at length of Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and the other standard authors, but a host of minor but brilliant writers, in every century, flits before us simply with the mention of the works they have produced. In fact the author seems to have applied to these minor stars the advice given by Virgil to Dante, when seeing the sinners "che per se foro":

"Non ragioniam di loro, ma guarda e passa."—CANTO III.

It is true, however, that there are many other sources from which the English student may quench his thirst in reference to the Italian authors who receive here so scanty a notice.

The chapters on Dante are exceedingly good, and reveal a full acquaintance with his works, their aims, the troublous times in which he lived, and the difficulties he had to contend with. The author, however, makes, in reference to Dante, an assertion quite unsupported. He states (page 46) that the great poet *was unacquainted* with Homer. How then does he explain the great reverence paid by Dante to Homer, when he says:

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* "Italian Literature." By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D. 6s. (Heinemann.)

> "Mira colui con quella spada in mano,
> Che vien dinanzi a' tre, si come sire,
> Quegli è Omero, poeta *sovrano*."—CANTO IV.

Is it likely he would have proclaimed him as king amongst poets, if he had had no knowledge of him?

Comparing him afterwards to Milton (page 50), Dr. Garnett bluntly asserts that Dante is on the whole *inferior* to Milton in poetry pure and simple.

To such an assertion I answer in the words of Macaulay: "We will not take upon ourselves the invidious office of settling precedency between two such writers. Each of them in his own department is *incomparable*, and each, we may remark, has wisely or fortunately taken a subject adapted to exhibit his peculiar talent to the greatest advantage."

I would also ask, is it possible to establish an adequate comparison between these two giants? Where is the standard by which one can measure geniuses, or the balance on which to weigh them? Does not genius impress on great minds a special mark, which escapes every discrimination, and diversifies them most when they seem to be most alike? To the observing mind each of them stands quite distinct from the other.

The author has given numerous translations of gems from Italian writers, but in many instances they are but pale reflections of the original. Would it not have been better to put the Italian texts as well as the translations, to enable the student better to appreciate the originals? F. DE ASARTA.

DR. H. STIRLING'S "HEGEL."*

"Dr. Stirling," says one of the Germans that not only admire but read him, "has digested Hegel." And who, we reply, will now digest Stirling? His unparalleled volumes have, in thirty-one years or so, come to a second edition. For our part, we know the outside of them almost from their first appearance; and with the inside we are acquainted just upon a quarter of a century. Never was there a book so unequal, so tantalising, so clear at its clearest, and so dark when it is getting near the heart of the world-enigma, which, alas, it does not completely solve. If Hegel had a secret—and we incline to suspect that he had none—Dr. Stirling leaves it behind the veil. But Hegel had a method, a drift, an insight which was rare, though fitful; he endeavoured to follow the process of the Idea through all possible worlds; and his treatment of "Logic," which is, in fact, Reason, or the Divine Mind, working out its plans to their triumphant issue, bears witness to a subtlety, a richness of imagination, a piercing sense of the life which is in the universe, so far out of the common that he has not passed, while the Fichtes and the Schellings are now mere names in an old story. Hegel is the philosopher of Evolution on its mental side; and without him, or the like of him, Darwin falls into a chapter of accidents, governed neither by rhyme nor by reason. The hard-grained, heavy-laden, interminable master must not be deemed obsolete until a better man has improved on his system. He teaches, even where we reject his premisses and cannot away with his conclusions. And Dr. Stirling has not watered the strong wine, which some others, in their dainty ministering, offer to us a little too diluted.

The interpretation is most attractive when it clings least to the letter; and the pages that lead us into Hegel's method, and then out again, display a genuine power, an odd sort of penetrating eloquence, a humour and a tang, which not all our reading of them has exhausted. Elsewhere, chaos often rules; and the English language, tortured and trampled on, utters loud groans, apparently to the author's satisfaction. Hegel's German, though a strange dialect, is not wanting in respect for idiom; Dr. Stirling writes, when it pleases him, a style not endurable to gods or men. Yet he is often very happy. His scorn and contempt are kept for the *Aufklärung*, "Enlightenment," "Liberal ideas," the Utilitarian ready reckoner, and all the other idols of our modern market-place. "Clearing up," he says, "is all very well; but when the 'clearing up' has become a 'clearing out,' what then?" You get rid of your "God, soul, and immortality"; you would not have "free will" at a gift; you rejoice to be mere phenomenon, passing into the void; there ought to be something in exchange for all these things, were they but imaginary; and there is nothing but phenomenal science—Mill's "Logic" and Buckle's "History of Civilisation." Thus far Dr. Stirling. To one who has looked on at the movement of thought since this attack on "Enlightenment" was first printed, the moral is certainly striking. How many are now to be found who pin their faith on Mill and Buckle? And the crude Darwinism of the sixties, which was not exactly Darwin's, that, too, is much humbled, transformed, and a deal less given to bragging that eyeless Natural Selection, without any principle of order, destitute of reason as of purpose, is going to explain heaven and earth and all that is therein. Perhaps the simple reprinting of arguments now victorious over a system once so conceited is Dr. Stirling's best contribution to philosophy. The positive worth of Hegel may be disputed and disputable; his appeal to the inherent reasonableness of things, to the life which affirms itself as Thought, Law, Process, and Outcome, and which no concatenation of phenomena has ever accounted for, remains, not as a last word of metaphysics, but as the open door through which we move onward, leaving the superstitions of agnosticism behind us, and going on into a world which is akin to our spirit. Hegel has shown, and Dr. Stirling enforces the lesson, that we are the shadow of Objective, Eternal Thought—we and everything, great or small, with which science, history, experience deals. The laws of the universe never were dreams of an idealist, or side products of our nervous currents; they are real in a Mind that existed when no man was. But one could wish that Hegel had not been ambitious of concluding all philosophies under a single formula. Nor was there any reason why, in giving him an English dress, Dr. Stirling should have made for him a suit of motley. We add that Emerson and Carlyle were both agreed in praising the splendid intellectual equipment which is Dr. Stirling's own.

WILLIAM BARRY.

ANARCHISM.*

It would be impossible to separate entirely the history from the criticism of such a subject, but one wishes that Herr Zenker had more consistently maintained his intentional point of view, "the coldly observant and critical attitude of science." At this moment we want information more than anything else. Anarchist publications present such in the most difficult, incomplete, and chaotic form. A book like this, with its wide range, and its detailed account of theories and propaganda, from the thirteenth century Brothers of the Free Spirit to the formidable campaigns of Most and Dühring and the tame Voluntaryism of Mr. Auberon Herbert, was a crying need.

Anarchists have extremely difficult, if not impossible, theses to maintain. They have each and all shifted their ground many times, and there is nothing more anarchical than the lack of agreement among their theorists. Now comes this careful, patient German, with probably more knowledge of their gospel than the most fervent "group" could boast, and more information about the *personnel* of the movement than even the police could gather, and begs for a cool-headed audience. But, to tell the truth, those who will read the book in a calm spirit of inquiry will be disappointed with Herr Zenker's own want of tolerance and his failure in serious criticism. Where he excels, next to gathering information, is in the interpretation of a doctrine. That he does fairly and with great intelligence. His clear discrimination between individual and communal anarchism is exceedingly valuable. So is his chapter on Proudhon's system, than the explanation of which no harder task could he have undertaken. Proudhon's great genius he fully owns, and as homage he has set about the presentation of his "Contradictions" in a masterly fashion. But his criticism, especially of the lesser men, is often snappish, and sometimes puerile. It is fighting against his own intention to refute a proposition concerning individuals in a normal and mature state by referring to the abnormal exceptions among them; and that he does again and again. He has no need to apologise for expounding the terrible gospel. It is more, not less, patience he needs. The minor figures in the story, they who have been active apostles, not founders, get scant justice from him, and we need not be anarchists to feel that Bakunin's career is unsympathetically treated. There is too much insistence also on the suggestion that Russian Nihilism gave the bomb and the dagger to Western Anarchism. The West was not so innocent of a knowledge of such weapons but that it would have found them when, in desperate mood, it desired to put crude, half-understood theories into acts. It is also difficult to acquit Herr Zenker of some lack of candour. At the end we cannot help having an idea that his exposition of the subject is not undertaken solely with a scientific object, but in order to give a side-blow to Socialism. Quite legitimate, of course. Only, why protest his impartiality so loudly?

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* "The Secret of Hegel." By Dr. Hutchinson Stirling. New edition. 16s. (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd).

* "Anarchism." A Criticism and History of the Anarchist Theory. By E. V. Zenker. Translated from the German. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)
"Political Crime." By Louis Proal. Criminology Series. 6s. (Unwin.)

A most unequal book, but one that should certainly be read. *On ne comprend rien que ce qu' on aime*, said Elisée Reclus to the author concerning the writing of it. The most conservative reader would doubtless prefer that it should have been written by an Anarchist, and some would gladly have waded through Anarchist rhetoric to get at the truth. But each Anarchist is sworn to the views of one little group, and repudiates all the others. Here, at least, you get a general survey, and it is a chaotic enough spectacle.

Anarchism is an aspiration for air and room. It is not hunger that incites to it. Each aspirer tries to discover a system that may let him and his fellows stretch as they will; but the world is so crowded, and with men of such varying statures and tempers. The aspiration will never die, and it looks as if the system will ever fail.

M. Proal's book is of a different order, and much less useful. Its general purpose is to insist that morality should have full sway in the world of government, that kings, ministers, parliaments, and electors should obey its dictates as they do in private personal matters—all very commonplace in theory, but not so in fact; and we recommend this survey and indictment of modern government, with its hosts of instances and warnings, to all whom it may concern. By the chapter on "Anarchism" it forces a comparison with Herr Zenker's book, unfortunately for itself. M. Proal is a French magistrate, and his style sounds exactly like a scolding from the bench. Anarchists are very wicked people, and really the way they have been encouraged by literary men who question the principles of Christianity and lawful authority is shocking. A scientific theory of Anarchism apart from dynamite does not exist for him. It is "merely an adaptation of tyrannicide" His words are very useless, for none of us need to be told how unattractive Ravachol was, and to the doctrines and tendencies which end in violence when they take practical shape, he is no guide at all.

AMERICAN WIVES AND ENGLISH HUSBANDS.*

The title of the bigger book covers the main incident of the lesser; but "His Fortunate Grace" is evidently not a study for, nor a pendent to, "American Wives and English Husbands." The scene of the shorter story is laid in New York, and mostly among easterners, whom, we gather, Mrs. Atherton does not like, and whose vices and weaknesses she presents, let us hope, slanderously. She speaks for the American of the south and the west, and is almost as sensitive over the European lumping of the New World racial differences as a Scot when he is looked on as a mere Englishman. The passages in the history of Miss Augusta Forbes, heiress to millions, are presented to show how cold-blooded, business-like and determined a young New York maiden can be in her pursuit of social position in England. True, the heiress's mother, a Southerner, is nearly as keen in the matter; but she is otherwise an agreeable and very affectionate person. The longer book is a love-story. The villainess is an American, to be sure, raised in Chicago; but though she is powerful enough to bring on the catastrophe, she cannot divert our attention from the heroine, Lee, the Western beauty, and not too much of an heiress. For Lee, let us be grateful, since she means a much pleasanter atmosphere than can be breathed in any other of the books of this talented writer. Not too much of an heiress, we have said; but Mrs. Atherton's heroines demand a thick luxury for their graces and forces to develop in. Patience Sparhawk and Lee both know hardship in their childhood. But that poverty can mean anything but starvation of the mind, the soul, the senses, never seems to occur to this observer of life; and Lee is rescued from it at the age of eleven that her conquest of the highest circles may be assured. We like her, without much believing in her, while she is a precocious child. We like her heartily and know her intimately at the end. But we never admire her. We have no desire that her temperament and attitude to life should rule. A self-controlled, well-conducted, dignified young woman, she has no gross faults at all. But if she be a type of her country, then the Western women are the frankest materialists to be met with anywhere. Comfort, luxury, social position being assured, she can be generous, helpful, and a charming comrade. But the externals of life are real and even solemn to her in a degree that surprises old democratic Europe. It is more profitable to regard her not in herself, but in relation to her English husband. It is useless for male English readers to say that Cecil is a caricature. The earnest-minded, undemonstrative husband, who respects his wife, and takes the stability of her devotion for granted, as he does that of the British constitution, has never been so cleverly drawn before. The incapacity of the intelligent man to understand that he has duties to his wife beyond faithful affection and courteous manners, his well-bred surprise at her farther claim, are inimitably reflected. The refined and virtuous Grand Turk has sat at last for his portrait to a shrewd, but also a merciful painter. When we come to the real business of the book, which is expressed in the title, we have nothing but admiration for it. It is well written—there are few such slips as "he would have gone down as others of his gilded ilk had gone down." There is real observation and there is sympathy in it; while the best scenes of the catastrophe, and Lee's refusal to hinder a proud man from the shelter of death, are of remarkable vigour, showing a restrained power "Patience Sparhawk" did not promise.

From Photo by] [*E. Le Mesurier & W. Marshall.*

MISS GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE.*

"The Development of Australian Literature," by Mr. Henry Gyles Turner and Mr. Alexander Sutherland, is the best book which has yet appeared upon the subject, as far as my knowledge goes, and up to the year 1888, in which I published the last of my three anthologies of Australian poetry, I had a tolerably minute acquaintance with Australian literature. Those who know Australia will know that the joint authors of this book were joint authors of the most literary periodical ever published in Australia, the *Melbourne Review*, which came to a sudden end, when it was a sound paying concern, because Mr. Turner's duties as manager of the largest bank business in the Colony, and Mr. Sutherland's as head of an important school, obliged them for the time being to drop all business except their own.

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* "American Wives and English Husbands." By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Service and Paton.)

"His Fortunate Grace." By Gertrude Atherton. 2s. 6d. (Bliss, Sands.)

* "The Development of Australian Literature." By Henry Gyles Turner and Alexander Sutherland. 5s. (Longmans and Co.)

It rejoices me to see that they have plunged into critical work again. As this book will show, they have impartiality and sureness of taste in such a marked degree. The present volume is divided into four parts—a general sketch of Australian literature, and a biography of Marcus Clarke by Mr. Turner, and biographies of Adam Lindsay Gordon and Henry Kendall by Mr. Sutherland. These again, with the exception of the biography of Marcus Clarke, are divided, each of them, into several chapters. The general sketch, for instance, has an introductory chapter on the early writers, and the various anthologies about Australian literature, a chapter on Australian poetry, a chapter on Australian fiction, and a chapter on general literature—chiefly confined to diaries and reminiscences, of small literary value in themselves, but affording most valuable material for the future historian.

Until quite recent years the literature of Australia was mainly poetical. Australia had her two considerable poets—Gordon and Kendall—long before she had any novelist of mark except Henry Kingsley, who was only a transient Englishman, and Marcus Clarke, whose strength as a novelist was unrecognised, although as an editor and a critic he exercised an influence seldom rivalled on Australian literature. Nowadays we have, as Mr. Turner points out, quite an important phalanx of Australian novelists, not counting Mrs. Humphry Ward, who, though born in Tasmania, has shown in her writings no trace of the influence of her birthplace. We have Mrs. Campbell Praed, daughter of a Queensland statesman, and intensely Queenslandish in her local colouring; the late Madame Couvreur, better known in literary circles as "Tasma"; "Rolf Boldrewood"; "Ada Cambridge"; Guy Boothby; Louis Becke; and Mrs. Curlewis, better known as Miss Ethel Turner, not to mention Hume Nisbet, Fergus Hume, and dozens of bushranger-mongers. But in the sixties and seventies there was no prose writer to be compared with the poets Gordon and Kendall in universal recognition by the Colonists. The authors of this volume do not claim too much for Gordon and Kendall, for even in England, with the exception of Mr. Swinburne, we have had no poets of their generation, or the generation since, whose poetry is so likely to form part of the inheritance of the people. Gordon was crude, it may be; he certainly showed the influence, most markedly, of Swinburne, Whyte Melville, and Byron, and of other poets in a less degree; but he was a man whose personal vehemence has not often been paralleled in poetry; he most distinctly had something to say—a philosophy of his own—and he said it in ringing measures, and epigrammatically-expressed phrases, which make his poems among the most difficult poems to forget. You can recognise a poem of Gordon's anywhere. He is also of great importance as practically the father of the most popular later poets in Australia.

Kendall, on the other hand, though he does not appeal to Australians like Gordon, because, instead of being a man of sports, he was a gentle, meditative creature, is, apart from describing horse episodes, far more Australian than Gordon. As is natural, for he was born and brought up in the bush, whereas Gordon did not go to Australia till he had left Oxford. Kendall was a great poet, a far greater poet than Gordon. With a proper training, and affectionate, firm hands to keep him out of temptation, Kendall might have been one of the greatest of English-speaking poets, for he had a marvellous gift of melody, excelled by few poets in the language except Shelley, Poe, and Swinburne, a most poetical mind, the deepest and most instinctive sympathy with Nature, and a gift of coining felicitous phrases which makes it possible to compare his best work even with Keats's.

Of Mr. Brunton Stephens, being alive, they say less; but in my opinion, Mr. Turner, into whose domain the Queenslander poet falls, would not have said too much if he had claimed that Mr. Stephens was in the first rank of the writers of humorous poetry, and of a very high rank as a serious poet. I was much interested to read what Mr. Turner had to say about the four or five poets of the school of Gordon who have become popular in Australia since I lost touch of Australian poetry—Mr. Farrell, Mr. A. B. Paterson, Mr. Edward Dyson, Mr. Henry Lawson, and Mr. G. Essex Evans, for the first-named of whom he does not make out such a good case as for the others.

I detect only one serious omission in the book. Mr. Turner does not mention the New Zealand poetess who writes under the name of "Austral," whose best pieces seem to me the most poetical products of the New Zealand muse. But that is, after all, a small point. The greatest of New Zealand poets, as Mr. Turner points out, is undoubtedly the late Alfred Domett, once Premier of New Zealand, and the friend of whom Browning wrote as Waring. His Ranolf and Amohia is the most considerable poem produced in Australasia, alike in volume and importance. It is, as Mr. Turner points out, overburdened in places with philosophical disquisitions. Mr. Domett may or may not have been a Lucretius; the fact remains that the world at our end of this century does not want a Lucretius, and would not read him if he wrote in verse. A modern Lucretius is expected to write in prose, as possibly a modern Homer would be expected to do. The book is, as I have said, exhaustive and impartial, and it is also interesting. Mr. Sutherland's lives of Gordon and Kendall are the best that have been yet written.

Douglas Sladen.

THE SUNDERING FLOOD.*

A publisher's note tells us that this is indeed William Morris's last romance. Perhaps it would have been a happier chance if "The Water of the Wondrous Isles" had ended his tales in prose. There was a plan in that book for the story-reader; there was vitality in it to help us to share the writer's clear conviction that the language and the habits and the ideals of an older day, so far as they can be realised, are good stuff to make romances of for the men of ours. There is little plan in "The Sundering Flood," only a long-spun-out tale of adventures in the life of a gallant young dalesman, who was ever fair and manly, something of a scald, too, after the fashion of the saga heroes, a model lover, of course, and duly rewarded in the end. But you can bear to be torn away from looking on at the bloodiest of his contests; you feel no anxiety on his account at any moment; and you wonder dimly at his mighty doings as you might over the story in a blurred, a ruined fresco. An air of fatigue broods over the pleasant, placid pages, placid for all their tales of war, but made pleasant, too, by their momentary surprises of good things. There is a pretty picture of the lad and the maiden, children both, making friends. "Are they kind to thee?" she asks, concerning his grandparents. "I am kind to them," he replies with charming dignity. But no succeeding passage quite fulfils the promise of that early one which describes the great ships faring up the tidal river, and how "oft they lay amid pleasant up-country places, with their yards all but touching the windows of the husbandman's stead, and the bowsprits thrusting forth amongst the middens, and routing swine, and querulous hens; and the uneasy lads and lasses sitting at high mass of the Sunday, in the grey village church, would see the tall masts dimly amidst the painted saints of the aisle windows, and their minds would wander from the mass-hackled priest and the words and the gestures of him, and see visions of far countries and outlandish folk, and some would be heart-smitten with that desire of wandering and looking on new things which so oft the sea-beat boat and the wind-strained pine bear with them to the dwellings of the stay-at-homes."

PARIS—METZ—CHARTRES.†

A Trilogy of Translations.

It is amusing and instructive to watch the carefully shocked expression which comes over the face of the average English reader at the mention of a French novel. Everybody knows that French fiction is most decidedly not respectable; it is frivolous, questionable, *léger*—and bound in yellow paper! How utterly mistaken such an idea is. Take the three novels which are mentioned at the foot of this review, and which are thoroughly typical of the fiction now being read in Paris and throughout France. We doubt if three more "serious" novels have been published in England for years past. "Paris," "The Disaster," and "The Cathedral" are, regarded merely as works of fiction, decidedly dull. We do not remember a frivolous or an amusing page in any one of them, and if they are interesting at all it is only as historical, political or personal "documents." The keynote of a vast amount of current French fiction is not *légèreté*, but a portentous and rather grotesque seriousness.

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* "The Sundering Flood." By William Morris. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

† "Paris." By Emile Zola. Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

"The Disaster." By Paul and Victor Margueritte. Translated by Frederic Lees. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

"The Cathedral." By J. K. Huysmans. Translated by Clara Bell. Edited by C. Kegan Paul. 6s. (Kegan Paul.)

We shall not attempt a summary or a detailed criticism of "Paris," for this has been done to death in the daily and weekly press. It is, above everything else, the novel of a great city. In reading it one seems to be watching a cinematograph; it is full of life and movement, but we have no time to study the individuals as they rush across the screen. The characters are nearly all photographs—most of them easily recognisable photographs. M. Zola seems to have gathered his material from the shop windows of the Rue de Rivoli, with their portraits of famous—and of infamous—Parisians. His vast picture of Paris is but a collection of these photographs.

In the earlier volumes of the trilogy, "Lourdes" and "Rome," the personal interest was uppermost. Pierre Froment, the spiritual castaway, is a striking figure in both of them, but in "Paris," where he finds his long sought for gospel and enters at last into the desired haven, he ceases to be interesting or convincing. He is merely a dummy, a mouthpiece for the expression of M. Zola's philosophy of religion. What that new religion is we confess we are unable to say. To us it seems an indescribable and impossible jumble of anarchism, dynamite, science and hard work. There is something very pathetic in M. Zola's position as revealed by this book and emphasised by the trial which has preceded its publication. He is a real and unreasoning patriot. In Paris lies hid, he declares, "the brain of the world, whence all science and justice will proceed." He believes that out of Paris there will one day rise, in some strange, inexplicable fashion, something—someone—that will prove to be the world's salvation. And yet when he comes to describe this Paris, on which he builds such fond hopes, he must represent it as a very hotbed of iniquity, as a very Sodom. The picture of the city is one of outer darkness without a ray of light. M. Zola seems to have raked together all the moral filth which has stained so deeply the public and private life of France during these last few years, and that heap of corruption he labels Paris. As ever, he suffers from the extreme limitation of his vision. No one now cares to doubt the photographic accuracy of "La Terre" or the other novels of the "Rougon-Macquart" series. What one is justly entitled to condemn is M. Zola's terrible habit of generalising from isolated cases. His Paris is not the real Paris, any more than "La Terre" represents the rural life of France. M. Zola is not a great scenic artist, he has no imagination, and his picture, great as it is, is utterly lacking in contrast, in the broad sweeps of light and shade. He invariably exaggerates everything that is evil; when has he ever recorded in his note-books the least of extenuating circumstances? Still, as far as it goes, "Paris" is accurate; we only wish it were otherwise. Among all the appalling characters with which his canvas is crowded, there is not one impossible creation.

The trilogy is ended, but M. Zola has settled nothing, and it ends with a note of interrogation. For the finish of "Paris" is bathos, pure and simple, and no sane person can believe for a moment in Froment's "salvation." Yet "Paris" is a book to be read, and once read it will not be forgotten. The scene from the heights of Montmartre as we gaze on that chosen city of light and life, with all its hidden foulness and inner rottenness laid bare before us, lingers like the memory of a ghastly nightmare.

"The Disaster," though written in a much quieter strain, is almost as sad reading as M. Zola's novel. In it you have the unvarnished story of the capitulation of Metz, one of the most pitiful tragedies of the nineteenth century. MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte are never hysterical—M. Zola sometimes is—but they have succeeded in giving a picture of the war which brings home to the reader in all its fulness, the fearful helplessness of the French army. They have done for the officers what M. Zola did in "Le Debâcle," for the *piou-piou*. Du Breuil, the hero of the novel, is an officer in the *etat-major*. He has not even the unspeakable consolation of ignorance that belongs to the common soldier, for he is made to understand, in all its humiliating detail, the inevitableness of the disaster. The defeat crushed the spirit out of him, as it did out of better and stronger men, and at the end of the book, we leave him, a desolate figure, staring blankly at the future, trying to gather some grain of comfort from the fact that at last France understands her weakness and knows her foe.

"The Disaster" is not the story of a man but of a war. Du Breuil and his comrades are not men but officers, and we follow their adventures not because they themselves interest us but because with them we can sometimes catch a glimpse of the fighting, because with them we are able to dash to and fro in the rain and the mud and the dust, seeing everything, hearing everything, understanding everything of the inner workings of the campaign. The novel is well written; it is full of the noise of battle. You may read stories crammed with the results of minute historical research, and the Franco-Prussian War will still be a mere list of names and statistics; but read this novel and you will feel that you too have tramped with the army of the Rhine to Borny, Regonville, Saint-Privat, and Noisseville —that you too have been duped and betrayed by a cowardly general, that you too have known the degrading humiliation of the capitulation of Metz.

We think it may fairly be said that "The Cathedral" is in many ways the most astonishing piece of fiction which has been produced for several years. It is by no means a book likely to prove interesting to the general, and the fact that many thousand copies have been sold in France is a startling and significant sign of a great change which is coming over the French reading public. In "En Route," the first volume of M. Huysman's trilogy, he tells of the change wrought in a Parisian rake—Durtal, whom he first introduced to us in "Là Bas," a book filled with descriptions of the abominations of Satanism—by means of religious mysticism. "En Route" is a very suggestive piece of work, and the story of the reformation or salvation of the worn out *roué* in a Trappist monastery is powerful and convincing. In "The Cathedral" we find Durtal at Chartres, whither he has come for rest after the conflict with himself. The book (it is really impossible to speak of it as a novel) is simply a catalogue of mystic terms and symbolic meanings, and a guide to the lives of the less known saints. M. Huysmans, like Durtal, has steeped himself in the literature of mysticism, and here we have the result of his research. We must confess that we have found "The Cathedral" tedious reading. M. Huysmans has cultivated a stilted and exaggerated style, full of technical phraseology, and Durtal's endless monologues are very wearisome. We are really interested in the man. He is a striking, typical figure of the age, and we should much like to know what effect all this ceaseless study of the symbolic interpretations of flora and fauna, pillars and images, windows and decorations, has on his soul. As far as we can gather, he leaves Chartres for the Benedictine monastery of Solemnes neither better nor worse for his stay in the cathedral. Mysticism and symbolism have done nothing for him; they have not even given him peace. His mind is dulled, but never at rest. In "L'Oblat," the concluding volume of the series, he will, we suppose, come to his own, but in "The Cathedral" he is still a hopeless, helpless dreamer—cut adrift from the world, it is true, but blindly struggling for a foothold on some firm foundation.

A word must be said as to the translation of these three volumes. Mr. Vizetelly's rendering of "Paris" is on the whole very satisfactory, though it seems to us he has here and there condensed rather too freely, and some passages are omitted without, apparently, any adequate reason. Mr. Lees' translation of "Le Désastre" is, unfortunately, far from good, and we have discovered quite a number of inexcusable errors. We have nothing but praise for Mrs. Bell's translation of "La Cathédrale." The extreme difficulty of the task makes her success all the more gratifying.

J. E. H. W.

THE RADICAL TAILOR OF CHARING CROSS.*

In the history of political agitators Place stands by himself. In tactics and organisation lay his special talents, and his biography is the history of parliamentary and social reform from the years of the French Revolution to the Anti-Corn Law Agitation. In the battle for freedom of thought, religious and political, in the efforts after national education, in the Reform struggles, with the Chartists, with the Free-traders, you find him always a respected, an influential figure, the friend of political thinkers like James Mill, Godwin, Owen, and Bentham, the tutor in general to Radical members of Parliament, and Joseph Hume in particular.

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* "The Life of Francis Place, 1771-1854." By Graham Wallas. 12s. (Longmans.)

Place had few of the faults and shortcomings, indeed few of the characteristics of the self-made, self-educated politician. Perhaps he had likewise less attractiveness. But his personality is interesting in the highest degree. Born in a low sponging-house kept by his father, whence he was transferred to a still lower pot-house, his life was eminently respectable, dignified, well-ordered. The proud, reticent poverty of the days of his young manhood is painful to read of. Eventually he became a rich man, and his leisure and his wealth were both consecrated to the public service. He was sought after and courted by big men; for his sagacity was worth consulting. But the patronage was all on his side. He sat in his library at Charing Cross, and at his levée politicians attended, discussed the latest news, and got tips for their speeches and for their plans of campaign. In spite of his advanced opinions, one of his appreciators was Lord Melbourne, whom he had formerly measured for his clothes. He might have gained what position he chose. He chose that of special adviser to the advance-guard, and was rarely seen in public. He drew up the People's Charter, but he never led a mob. To the last day of his life he was ardent in the popular service. There never was a more persistent enthusiast, but his enthusiasm was at a white heat. He did not flame with passion, and he was never a popular hero, perhaps because he never lost his head. His attitude to the world was always a little scornful. Lancaster, in whose educational system he had great belief, slandered him. When Place was advised by the Duke of Sussex to prosecute him, he answered, "What he has said which is true, he is quite at liberty to say; and for what he has said which is not true, I care nothing." And there was no pose in this. Like all self-controlled men he was intolerant of a silly demeanour. Cobbett, at his trial in 1810 for his article in the *Register* against flogging in the Army, made a fool of himself, in the estimation of Place, who had worked with him in a critical but friendly enough way. "He called on me," said Place, "in a few days, but I was unable to congratulate him on any part of his conduct. I never spoke to him afterwards."

Although he thought much and clearly on political matters, he had no pretensions to be either a philosophical or an original thinker. But in his life he attained to a sincere and consistent philosophy. His general attitude was that of serene melancholy. He learnt to expect little, but he scorned despair, and defied unhappiness to be his master for more than four and twenty hours. There were few illusions in him. He knew that the people, for whom and in whose name he worked, were often capricious and stupid, but he felt that things and people grew better and more reasonable, not less so, and one of the plain duties of a reformer was to wait.

Let us be duly grateful for a biography so excellently written, excellently arranged. We are not likely to have such another for a long time. Place was a voluminous and an unattractive writer, and Mr. Wallas has had to wade through interminable volumes of MSS., notes, fragments, pamphlets. The material has been lodged in the British Museum these forty years, awaiting a patient and courageous sifter. Luckily, to patience and courage Mr. Wallas joins uncommon skill and literary qualities rarely met with in a biographer.

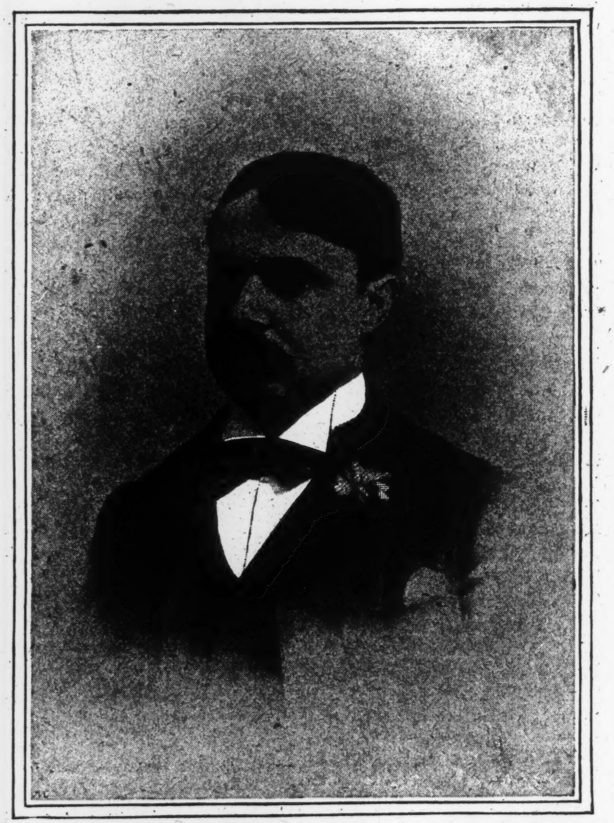
NOVEL NOTES.

TORN SAILS. A Tale of a Welsh Village. By Allen Raine. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The flaw in that pleasant book of the same writer, "A Welsh Singer," was the crude unreality of the scenes outside Wales. The artistic worlds of London and Italy were treated in a fifth-rate manner, which grieved the admirers of the charming remainder. There is no such flaw here. Allen Raine has stuck to Wales, and to very primitive life in the Principality; and the result is something immeasurably stronger and more artistic than her earlier book. Merely as information about the lives of a poetic and unspoilt peasantry, it is well worth reading. The writing is easier, more flexible, too, though distinction in style will be one of the last things she will learn; and she has not yet reached an invariable correctness, witness such an ambiguous sentence as, "Morality amongst the unmarried peasantry lays itself open to reproach." The story will be too sweet for the taste of some readers, and the episode of Gwen will seem melodramatic. But excessive sweetness and occasional melodrama are of the essence of the writer's kind of art, and of her temperament. She will probably never see life with quite clear eyes; but she never outrages the more general, the sterner vision. The delicacy, melancholy, and generosity of her characters may not be the whole truth about the Welsh Celts; but it is truth, and very charming and restful it makes her pictures. They are not always vivid. Gladwys, in spite of her shrinking, flower-like nature, stands out strong in the memory; but it is more difficult to grasp the author's intentions concerning the men and the mysterious middle-aged beauty, Marie Vone. Allen Raine says that, in respect to Welsh, she has had regard to the weakness of English readers. There is a patriotic amount of it left, and just at present, before we are surfeited with leeks, as we have lately been with kail, it strikes us as being a very pleasant tongue to pick up a word or two of. As we are writing, and not speaking aloud, we venture to say a genial "Fforwel" to the personages of a pleasant story.

THREE WOMEN AND MR. FRANK CARDWELL. By W. Pett Ridge. 3s. 6d. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

"Three Women and Mr. Frank Cardwell" comes as a surprise even to many of those who have watched Mr. Pett Ridge's literary career with particular interest. Not a few among them have thought that he was unequal to the task of writing a long novel, and that his best work lay in the direction of his "Minor Dialogues" and short sketches. In some ways "Secretary to Bayne, M.P." supported their opinion, for though it contains many good things, it is hardly a satisfactory book. But "Three Women and Mr. Frank Cardwell" is a triumphant proof that they were utterly mistaken. It is in every way a very striking and delightful book, not only amusing, but in places distinctly powerful and moving. The book abounds in smart phrases and clever character sketches, but the humour is throughout perfectly natural, and there is no suspicion of the persistent and aggravating grin of the professional funny-man. You meet none but very ordinary mortals in the course of the story, but Mr. Pett Ridge touches them all into life—and we should not like to say how many there are—without once indulging in exaggeration or caricature, the great stumbling-blocks of the historian of the commonplace. And the pathetic passages are by no means less successful; indeed, we are inclined to think that the description


From Photo by] MR. W. PETT RIDGE. [*Martin & Sallorow.*

of the death of "poor Hallard" is the finest thing in the whole book. It is a graceless task to exercise the critic's mission of fault-finding on a novel which has given us such real pleasure, but it must be confessed that Miss Dare is not a convincing character. She is unnecessary and rather shadowy, and is the only person in the book who does not give one the impression of being drawn straight from life. But though her actions have such an important bearing on Frank Cardwell's career, we see little enough of her, and she is a lonely and insignificant figure in the crowded gallery of successful portraits.

THE PRINCE'S DIAMOND. By E. Hulme-Beaman. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The cleverest, but not the most agreeable, thing about this bizarre story of adventure is the way in which the hero is made to write himself down snob and cad and fatuous coxcomb on every page. The misfortunes which follow a journalist's determined attempts to storm the gates of high society with the weapon of insolence are satisfactorily numerous. If they had included his being cut by the amiable Ethel, we should have said the book had a very happy ending. But it is not primarily meant as a study of a snob; and its major purposes are but indifferently fulfilled. The kidnapping of Travers instead of the King of Borastria is amusing, though we feel we have heard the story before. But all that relates to the mysterious diamond is a muddle. We are never really convinced of anything in the course of the book save of the worthlessness and the imbecility of the hero, and of the writer's enjoyment in showing him up.

COLONEL THORNDYKE'S SECRET. By G. A. Henty. 6s. (Chatto.)

Still another jewel mystery. This time the precious stones have been stolen from an Indian temple; and a virtuous, religious-minded Hindoo consecrates his energies to their restoration by all available means, good or bad. It bears additional likeness to Mr. Hulme-Beaman's tale in that it contains another and quite independent plot, both authors having generously devoted to one novel ample material for two. Here the resemblance ends. As a workmanlike story Mr. Henty's is the better, but it never rises out of the artificial and commonplace.

TALES OF TRAIL AND TOWN. By Bret Harte. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

It is long since Bret Harte has had such a fine subject to treat as in the first of the half-dozen or so stories in this collection, "The Ancestors of Peter Atherly." And surely never before has he bungled more awkwardly. It is a difficult, unfamiliar situation, but his touch is not wont to be uncertain, whatever the difficulty. Read it for the subject, however, which fascinates and haunts. Peter Atherly longs, out of pure romance, unsullied by a single interested motive, to prove his descent from an old English family with a historic past, and finds an ancestry terribly different, showing itself in his sister by fits of diabolical cruelty, in himself by an imperturbable demeanour and the unfathomable smile of the Indian brave. His tragic death is finely told, but the rest is bungled. "Two Americans" is pleasant reading, yet quite unworthy of its writer. But the "Tale of Three Truants" would redeem any book.

TALES OF THE KLONDYKE. By T. Mullett Ellis. (Bliss, Sands and Co.)

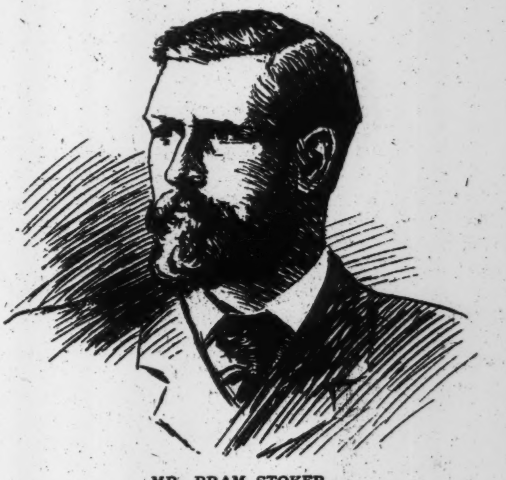
These entertaining, brightly-written tales are sensational, as Klondyke tales should be, and abound in nuggets, six-shooters, and variegated language. The writer's mastery of mining-camp slang is remarkable, and his phraseology is vigorous and picturesque, while the central figure of the book, J. T. Platt—half Yankee, half Cockney—is drawn with a skill which would do credit to Bret Harte. And though many of the situations are extravagant, and most of the characters caricatures, yet so cleverly and consistently are both handled that, as we read, they seem at once acceptable and plausible. The author has written an unusually clever book of its class, yet he appears to have rather condescended to it, and to be capable of imaginative literature of a much higher order.

ONE CROWDED HOUR. By A. Beresford Ryley. 6s. (Bliss, Sands and Co.)

"One Crowded Hour" contains one claim to distinctions Foreign quotations are scattered broadcast throughout its pages—and there are no misprints. It is not a pleasant or a striking story, but in the telling of it, such as it is, there is more than a little skill displayed. Those who have not had enough of Continental Bohemianism will read "One Crowded Hour" with pleasure, for Mr. Beresford Ryley evidently knows his *Quartier Latin* and the *cabarets* of Montmartre, and his description of a *bal masqué* is graphic enough to be decidedly unedifying. For our part, we are dog-tired of this "crowded-hour" business, and we wish Mr. Ryley, who can write with considerable brightness and vigour, had chosen a subject which has not been so thoroughly exploited.

MISS BETTY. By Bram Stoker. 2s. 6d. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

We opened "Miss Betty" quite early in the evening, determined to finish it long before bed-time, for we had a most unpleasant recollection of a *nuit blanche* which followed the reading of "Dracula." True, neither the title nor the gay cover suggested horrors, but the outside of a book is as often as not deceitful above all things, and there was more than a suspicion of uncanniness about the table of contents—"Chapter V. In the Dead Watch of the Night"!—and we shuddered in anticipation. But Mr. Bram Stoker had prepared a delightful surprise. From "Dracula" to "Miss Betty" is such a far cry that it is almost impossible to realise that both novels come from the same pen. "Miss Betty" is exactly the soothing, quiet, "pretty" novel to read after a day spent in the company of the harrowing problematists. It is one of those simply told, idyllic love stories which are now so out of fashion, and which come as a boon and a blessing to restore one's faded faith in fiction. "Miss Betty" is full of an old world charm, and by its publication Mr. Stoker makes his peace with his former readers. Only in future he should take care to issue two books simultaneously—one of them to be labelled, "To be taken immediately after the shock."



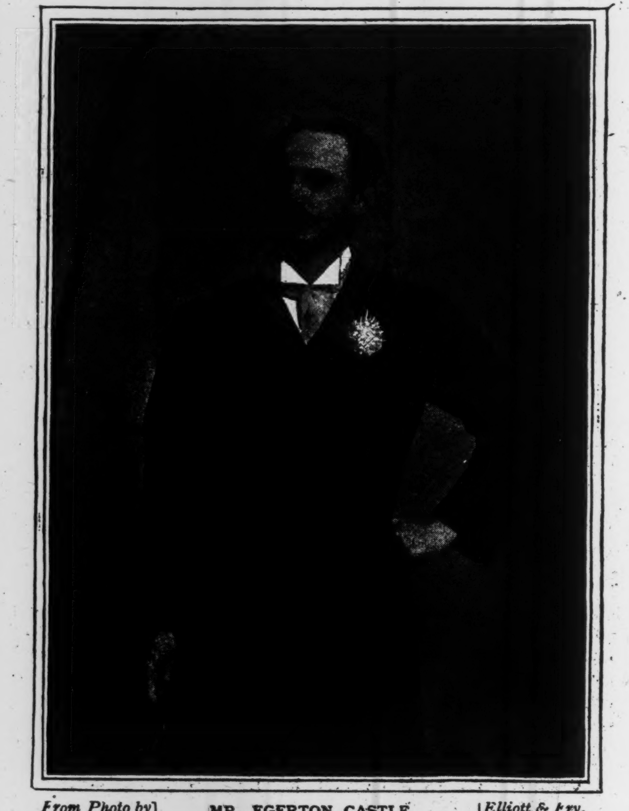
MR. BRAM STOKER.

A VOYAGE OF CONSOLATION. By Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes). Illustrated. 6s. (Methuen.)

It was the most cheerful of voyages, with never a sigh or a tear from the heroine whose duty was to be disconsolate. When differences of opinion upon the pleasurableness and patriotism of the American accent severed for a time the young affections of Mr. Arthur Page and Miss Wick, the lady communicated the disaster to her father in New York by telephone. "Go abroad. Always done. Paris, Venice, Florence, Rome, and the other places. I'll stand in," came the prompt reply through the instrument. It is the travels of this indulgent and practical parent, Senator Wick, his wife and daughter, that Mrs. Cotes records. There are old jokes and new jokes, good jokes and bad jokes, in the story; but it is all very gay and good-natured and inspiriting. The Senator is the most entertaining member of the party, and his schemes for the improvement of Europe, in the interests of picturesque tourists, inspire us with the sincerest admiration. In these days of impoverishment in Italy, his plan of a direct line of steamships between New York and Venice, to be "based on an agreement with the Venetian municipality as to garments of legitimate gaiety for the gondoliers, the renomination of an annual Doge, who should be compelled to wear his robes whenever he went out of doors, and the yearly resurrection of the ancient ceremony of marrying Venice to the Adriatic," merits the most serious consideration. But he has something of a rival in the reader's affection in his wife, a lady of the most ardent sentiment, an enthusiast for local colour, greedy of impressions, who yet, when there was a "question of how they were to put in the time," generally preferred to "lie down." Mrs. Cotes may dish up old tourist jokes as often as she likes. They have an air of delightful freshness from her clever pen.

THE PRIDE OF JENNICO. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Bentley.)

This is one of the brightest, most readable, and altogether most delightful novels of the season, perhaps the best book of its kind since "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is crammed full of incident and movement and the clash of arms, and the conversations are particularly lively and witty. When you have read the book through at a breathless pace, you will turn back to the chapter in which Basil Jennico introduces himself to the Princess to enjoy that delicious scene at leisure. We would not think of spoiling any reader's pleasure by giving the faintest idea of the plot, which, though naturally wildly improbable, is worked out with remarkable skill. Jennico, or as the Princess calls him, "Jean Nigaud," was rather easily duped, but before the end of the book he amply atones for his foolishness. The Princess is a charming creation, one of the most picturesque and attractive figures we have met for a long time past. In fact, "The Pride of Jennico" stands quite apart from the ordinary run of novels as a book which no one in search of an hour or two's entertaining reading should neglect. We congratulate the authors on a most successful piece of work, which is sure of a wide popularity.



From Photo by] MR. EGERTON CASTLE. [*Elliott & Fry.*

THE INCIDENTAL BISHOP. By Grant Allen. 6s. (C. A. Pearson.)

Mr Grant Allen is here in happy vein, telling a frankly improbable, very amusing, and amiable story. It might have been less amiable and more amusing, however. We cannot help feeling he should have made it a farce. The sailor lad, who, mistaken for a missionary, drifts into being an Anglican bishop, without ever taking orders, is an unmistakable hero of comedy. But Mr. Allen, the bold, bad pioneer on occasion, is six days of the week the willingest, the most genial caterer for domestic fiction. He wrote this story in a gentle mood when it was impossible to make a bishop anything but a model of all the virtues. Thus the potential fun of the situation is not made the most of. By way of making up for this lack, Mr. Allen gives us a little tragedy, in the shape of the good bishop's violent remorse. The thought of all the couples he, a sham priest, has loosely joined in holy matrimony, gnaws at his soul. But the domestic novelist is afraid of following this up to the interesting end. A model bishop, who should take to the seafaring trade of his youth, to be beyond the reach of the howls of the respectable who have found out his long deception, would be an original and attractive hero. Mr. Allen refuses to contemplate a shovel hat and gaiters in the rigging, and strikes him dead before the exposure. He has rejected all the most piquant possibilities of his plot, but there is a spirit and freshness about his version which forbids every loud complaint.

A MAN FROM THE NORTH. By E. A. Bennett. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

Mr. Bennett has not written in vain, since he must compel many of us to consider the stuff of life available for fiction. There is a popular idea that any man's or woman's life provides such, however gray, however ineffective. It is probably quite a delusion. There is a good deal of truth in this story of the "Man from the North." It is full of what is called "actuality." The incidents and the personages are well known to us, and drawn, or rather photographed, with surprising accuracy. A bright young man in the provinces feels stirrings within him of great things, and comes to London to hatch them. He lives like a great many other young men—his fits of industry and ambition alternating with bouts of very ordinary pleasuring and mental lethargy. In the end he sinks into the suburban husband, as you knew all the time he would. Mr. Bennett has placed him before us with much cleverness and some pathos. But he has not rescued the common story of his career from commonplaceness by the great treatment which alone would reconcile us to its material, the drab stuff of mediocre life to-day. Acquiescence in his failure, not deep pity, is our feeling at the end; and acquiescence in this kind of thing is terribly low-spiriting.

THE CAPRICE OF JULIA. By Lewis Sergeant. 6s. (Hurst.)

The happy beginning of this story would give impetus enough to carry a reader on through much duller passages than he is asked to traverse. Nor does the beginning exhaust the writer's vivacity, either. But his vivacity is very spasmodic. It is hardly needless to say that, having regard to details, "The Caprice of Julia" is far better written than the majority of successful novels, seeing that Mr. Sergeant's literary accomplishments in other directions have long been acknowledged. And the material, the adventures of an attractive young fool, whom a vain and lonely and idle woman makes her plaything when no other distraction is at hand, is excellent. His adventurous temper and his fatuity are both admirably suggested, while the minor incidents of his youthful career in the literary and theatrical world provide abundant colour and variety. It has just missed being a first-rate novel, and it is not even of the good second order. We have often read ungrammatical, commonplace stories that have given us a sense of greater power. The knack of the novel-writer cannot be acquired off-hand by the most talented and scholarly of *littérateurs*. There is no welding of the material here. Many passages, interesting in themselves, have the air of being shoved in to prevent the advent of dulness by any means whatsoever. So with the incidents, some of which have the look of anecdotes rather than integral parts of the story. Writers with the large free manner can afford to be disjointed; but "The Caprice of Julia," a book of very amusing pages, we heartily own, suffers sadly from a lack of composition.

AGAINST THE TIDE. By Mary Angela Dickens. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Against the Tide" is the strongest, most finished, and, at the same time, the most ambitious book Miss Dickens has yet given us. The story is well proportioned and free from loose ends, the style is clear and forcible, and several highly dramatic scenes are handled with conspicuous power. The characterisation, especially of the central figures, is thoroughly convincing. From the very first chapter the shadow of a mysterious tragedy rests over the story, and the interest of the reader is at once aroused. The first part of the book, though most charmingly written, strikes us as somewhat exaggerated. Hilary Cheslyn, a high-strung, emotional, but very loveable girl, worships her twin brother Durrant, who, for his part, much prefers his sister Tessa's quiet ways to Hilary's exacting and gushing adoration. As a consequence Hilary hates Tessa, and when she learns by chance that there is something that should prevent Tessa's marriage to Pembroke, she keeps her own counsel in the hope that when her sister is disposed of she will reign supreme in her brother's heart. Now we very much doubt if even a passionate girl like Hilary would act in this way and for such a reason. Pembroke is certainly the most striking figure in the book. He finds that Hilary knows his secret, and with the diabolical ingenuity which so often accompanies madness, he sets himself to wreck her happiness. How she struggles against the tide of his scheming, how he almost succeeds in crushing her, and how at last he fails, we must leave the reader to discover for himself. Miss Dickens has chosen a very difficult subject, but she has succeeded in writing a singularly powerful novel. The story is tragic enough, but fortunately it is never morbid and unpleasant.

From Photo by]. [*Vandyk.*

MISS M. A. DICKENS.

THE SCOURGE-STICK. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"The little more, and how much it is!" Here it is not even a "little more"—but a great excess, a wasted excess of almost excellent stuff. The literary outpourings of a repressed and sentimental woman would be lengthy, of course; and readers could spare some time to get that particular impression concerning the heroine. But we do not need to measure St. Peter's inch by inch with a tape-line to guess its vastness; and the inexhaustibleness of a bore can be divined in five minutes. Mrs. Praed convinces us she is thinking and feeling deeply while we journey through her story of "The Scourge-Stick" in her company; but she is never content to suggest; she always drives an idea to death. The book is an exasperating example of undoubted talent ill employed, and genuine emotion ending in uncontrolled gush. But it is interesting. The heroine, a woman of the artistic temperament, after a stage failure hides her head in a marriage with a millionaire. It is an unhappy marriage. She seeks relief in literature, and by this means gains the friendship and love of a publisher's reader, and her husband's enemy—a human being so gifted morally and mentally that, had he been a woman—and, indeed, his sex is indeterminate—he would have been a worthy creation of the brain of Miss Corelli. Then follow despair and exaltation, alternate succumbing to temptation and lofty soaring above it. True things, clever things, touching things, we have found on every page we have not skipped; but life is short, and we shall never turn back to find such as we have missed. There is a group of interesting characters, many of them well drawn, but half of them unnecessary. The best of those in the centre of the stage is Mr. Vassal, the millionaire, who reminds all his sensitive acquaintances of the proud, lustful days of the Roman Empire. He has the advantage of not being over elaborated, and of not being permitted to talk very much.

PLAIN LIVING. A Bush Idyll. By Rolf Boldrewood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Stanford, when a hard-up colonist, suddenly found himself possessed of a considerable fortune, on which he and his family might have been agreeably idle for the rest of their lives. But he had an awful warning before his eyes—the unhappy household of his old friend Grandison, a rich citizen of Sidney. Satan was finding endless mischief for their idle hands to do; and the thought of his own virtuous wife and children, the son who was rewarded for months of toiling on the ranche by the prospect of possessing Motley's "Dutch Republic," and the girls with their equally modest demands on life, being spoilt by luxury, was intolerable to the conscientious Mr. Stanford. So he kept the fortune dark till their own unaided efforts had brought them ease. No doubt it was a wise thing to do. It worked well in this particular case, we hear, for they were such a model family. But they were a very dull one to write a novel about. As in all Mr. Boldrewood's books, since the early ones that made his name, the style and matter here rival each other in poverty and lack of charm.

THE CEDAR STAR. By Mary E. Mann. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

When a book is all about one person its interest naturally depends entirely upon what kind of person that one is. This book is all about Betty—it might be called "The Betty Book," and Betty is undeniably interesting. She is unconventional to a degree, and therefore, as a child, delightful. Unconventionality in a grown woman is less admirable, and leads to situations which are neither artistically elegant nor morally inspiring; and the grown-up Betty is disappointing. But as a child she is entirely satisfactory, all the more so that she is persistently the reverse to her governesses, her stepmother and all other tiresome people with well-regulated minds. Betty had a curious and rare habit of looking things straight in the eye for herself, regardless of canon, and of acting and speaking directly from the conviction so reached, regardless of convention. The world was her oyster and she chose to open it without any ingenious patent tool picked up second-hand at the nearest idea-monger's, though she tore her feminine fingers sorely in the effort. She was selfish, passionate, domineering, a prey to sudden gusts of temper and of emotion, but withal generous, brave, and true as steel. We like her best with timid Emily and little plump Jan tyrannising over the kind-hearted curate in Queen Anne's Cottage. But she grows up; the inevitable love affairs crop up, and the Betty of our fancy is gone. Like the Rev. "Billy," the picture we like to carry away with us is that of a dark-eyed elf with a red pinafore and a shock of marvellous hair, sitting on the top of the library steps, looking over unbound numbers of *Punch*, and letting the loose leaves fall upon the floor. In the elfin charm and the elvish mischief of Betty's childhood lie the power and excellence of the story.

MRS. M. E. MANN.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

RHYMES OF IRONQUILL. Selected and Arranged by J. A. Hamerton. 3s. 6d. (Redway.)

"The name of Ironquill, though known to fame in America, and familiar as a household word in the Transmissouri, has yet to gain in Great Britain that reputation it has so deservedly won beyond the western wave." So runs the modest beginning of one of the most eloquent prefaces we have ever read. Ironquill is "an indigenous flower of Kansas; he is himself. He is the most notable literary product of Kansan life; the 'wind-harp of the prairies has tuned his song.'" Mr. Hamerton is so sure of the tremendous qualities of his poet, and quotes such big authorities to knock over any adverse judgment he may meet, that we have looked through the pages that follow the preface in the timidest way. We just venture to say we like "Ironquill." He must be a very fine fellow, and the most effective of journalists. As a rhymer for a campaign we have no one over here to compare with him. But though a friend of President Garfield was led to "ponder the great problem of immortality" by the perusal of "The Washerwoman's Song," we must wish the great problem had been suggested in another metre than this:

"And I should not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing."

ADMIRAL DUNCAN. By the Earl of Camperdown. With three portraits and a plan of the action off Camperdown. 16s. (Longmans.)

It is too late now for every page of the career of the victor of Camperdown to be related with absolute accuracy. He left few papers, and his relatives did not prepare the necessary information while it was still fresh. His present biographer apologises for unavoidable gaps. But it is not with these we find fault. A few additional details concerning his early service would have added little to the general interest of the book. But when anyone undertakes to compile a biography, he should also undertake to write it. This book is an unedited mass of documents. Selected, extracted from, condensed, they would have made an interesting monograph of seventy pages or so. An unwritten book is hard to read; but we must own this one is worth a tussle. At least it allows us to conceive an idea—it cannot be said to give it to us—of the work of a gallant admiral of the old school, no great genius, but a man of clear sight and fine temper, like Nelson in his trust of, and generosity towards his men, never better shown than in his quelling the mutiny at the Nore. After the victory of Camperdown Britain breathed more freely; and the story of Duncan's task and his sturdy fulfilment of his duty is the story of a serious crisis in the British supremacy of the seas, which tried to the full and strengthened the fibres of the best of our national defences.

SPIKENARD. A Book of Devotional Love-Poems. By Laurence Housman. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

The devotional love-poem, a revival of an old form, is an inspiration so fashionable at the present moment that one must guard against regarding all the specimens of it merely as literary experiments. Undoubtedly many of them are so; but there is a ring of real sincerity in Mr. Housman's spiritual songs, however imitative they may be of the older religious poets like Crashaw and Herbert. They are expressions of individual piety, though there is little in them that is personal and private in utterance. They celebrate the festivals and the seasons of the Church's year, dutifully, worthily, officially, it seems to us, yet with love, for these things are not incompatible. There is little of the soft, sensuous homage, the morbid affection for Christ and His mother, that one finds in the French neo-Christians. There is also nothing of the wistful plaintiveness of Verlaine. Now and again a rhythm or a verse-form recalls Crashaw, but the thoughts are simpler and directer. The metaphysical subtleties of Donne are absent entirely. Herbert is most nearly followed, and as a model Herbert is a happy choice. In one poem, "The Mystery of the Incarnation, a Disputation between Christ and the Human Form," the master's sweet force and quaintness have been worthily echoed. The creature begs for time to sweep and garnish his house before Christ's entry; the earth is so foul.

"Thou wilt do well
To dwell, whilst with us, anchorite in Thy cell.
Christ said, 'Let be; leave wide
All ports to grief!
Here, when I knock, I will not be denied
The common lot of all that here abide;
Were I so blinded, I were blind in chief;
How should I see to bring the blind relief?'"

HORACE MANN, and the Common School Revival in the United States. By B. A. Hinsdale. Great Educators. 5s. (Heinemann.)

Beside the great names of the other heroes of this series—Loyola, Abelard, Froebel, to name a few—Horace Mann's sounds humble and uninspiring. He was no thinker, no founder of a system of universal influence, but a clever and a devoted organiser of primary education. He was only concerned that all American children should be taught to read and to observe intelligently that they might become useful, practical citizens. But his administrative capacities, his persistence, his single-mindedness, the large scale on which he worked, and the successful results, give him the right to an honourable place among the faithful servants of the world, a claim abundantly recognised in his own country and in Europe. The organisation of the common school education in the United States is of more than historic interest. Some of Mann's problems are still ours, and the story of his moving of the sluggish waters will be inspiriting to the educational reformers of to-day. Mann, with his political sense, his perseverance, and his attention to details, did miracles against long odds. Mr. Hinsdale in his interesting book points, however, to one advantage he had over the elementary school reformers of South Britain, at least, in the American Puritan tradition, much sunk and discouraged, but not altogether dead, of a respect for learning and a belief that it should be common as the air.

THROUGH THE GOLDFIELDS OF ALASKA TO BERING STRAITS. By Harry De Windt. 16s. (Chatto and Windus.)

Mr. De Windt's book could hardly be more opportune. The colonisation of the Yukon district promises to be one of the most sensational of the eccentricities of civilisation; and Mr. De Windt crossed the Chilkoot to Klondyke just before the discovery of gold there, and has painted a graphic and authentic picture of the perils of the way, and of the hardships which await those who go to found a new Johannesburg amid the Arctic snow. Mr. De Windt's style is hearty, frank, and unaffected, and he has the gift of enlisting the reader's imagination. From the time he leaves Juneau in a "Bolivar" of a vessel navigated by an ex-milkman, to the day he arrives at the welcome portals of the Golden Horn, we are his faithful companions. We climb the famous Chilkoot Pass with him and stand "breathless, bleeding, and ragged at the top"; we sail trepidantly down Lake Lindeman in a boat "with a free-board of exactly two inches"; we are tortured by mosquitos "as big as a rabbit, and biting at both ends"; and we are in danger of melancholia during our sojourn with the filthy Tchuktchis. The story of his weary detention among these treacherous Tchuktchis and of his dramatic rescue would in itself more than justify the volume. Altogether the volume is unusually interesting, and he who reads the first page will in all probability read straight through to the last, and complain only of the brevity of the narrative.

THE GROWTH AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE BRITISH COLONIES, 1837-1897. By the Rev. W. P. Greswell. The Victorian Era Series. 2s. 6d. (Blackie.)

The schoolbooky appearance of the volumes of this series may hinder their success to an unfortunate degree. They have the look of manuals for the sixth standard, or cram-books for examinations. The intelligent reader for whom they are intended will certainly go out of his way to avoid them, unless guided by someone compelled to their perusal, which, we own, must mean to their appreciation. Mr. Holland Rose's "Rise of Democracy," and the present detailed essay on a much written on subject, are thoughtful, suggestive, and exceptionally well-informed, adapted to the needs of all but the most advanced students of politics. Mr. Greswell is an enthusiastic admirer of our colonial growth, and an intelligent critic of English colonial administration. His brief introduction descriptive of the hindrances, the coolness, the stupidity which an unmistakably national impulse has been forced to cope with, tells plain truths, with convicting chapter and verse, yet not too fanatically. The Imperial drum does not roll very loud; but he makes good his plea for greater sincerity and more system in the Colonial Office. The other sections are capital condensations of historial and constitutional fact, convenient in form and by no means too elementary.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BERRY, C. A., and Others.—The New Puritanism, 6/- ......J. Clarke
BICKERSTETH, Bishop.—Our Heritage in the Church, 5/-..........Low
CAILLARD, E. M.—Reason in Revelation, or the Intellectual Aspect of Christianity, 2/-..............................Nisbet
CARPENTER, Dr. W. BOYD.—The Forty Days of the Risen Life, 1/- Isbister
[*Quiet and helpful reflections on the meaning and purpose of the closing incidents of the Gospel narrative.*]
CHAPMAN, Rev. H. B.—The Religion of the Cross, series ii.—Where is Christ? 4/6........................ ...Sonnenschein
Dictionary of the Bible, edited by J. Hastings and Others, vol. i., 28/- T. & T. Clarke
DUFF, R. S.—The Song of the Shepherd, Meditations on the Twenty-third Psalm, 2/6..............................Oliphant
FORBES, Rev. J. T.—God's Measure, and other Sermons, 2/6.Oliphant
Garnered Fruit, Passages from Sermons and Addresses delivered by Robertson of Irvine, 2/6 ....Elliot
HENSON, H. H.—Discipline and Law, 2/6 ....Methuen
[*Addresses on the observation of the Lenten Fast, and a series of sermons on the Commandments of the Second Table.*]
MACMILLAN, H.—The Spring of the Day, 5/- ....Isbister
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MORTIMER, Rev. A. G.—Jesus and the Resurrection, Addresses for Good Friday, 5/-..............................Longmans
MOULTON, Dr. R. G.—The Modern Reader's Bible, 2/6 ..Macmillan
[*The Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, and the General Epistles, arranged and printed "in modern literary form." The chief peculiarity of this edition consists, as the editor says, "in the division of each book into its proper sections, and the supply of headings." Those who dislike the archaisms of the Authorised Version cannot fail to approve of this arrangement.*]
Reason and Faith, a Reverie, 3/6 ....Macmillan
ROWLAND, Rev. A.—The Burdens of Life, and other Sermons, 3/6 Horace Marshall
[*Vol. II. of the Present Day Preachers' Series. Such themes as "The Drink Curse of England," and "The Use and Abuse of Money," are treated in an earnest and practical manner. Other sermons are more directly spiritual. An excellent portrait of Mr. Rowland forms the frontispiece.*]
SABATIER, Dr. A.—The Vitality of Christian Dogmas, translated by Mrs. E. Christen, 1/6 ....A. & C. Black
[*Part of this lecture appeared last year in "Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion." A complete translation has now been made, and an appreciative preface is contributed by the Dean of Ripon.*]
St. Augustine, Confessions of, trans. with notes by Dr. C. Bigg, 2/- Methuen
The Holy Bible, vol. vi. (Eversley Bible), 5/- ....Macmillan
WELLS, C. L.—The Age of Charlemagne (Eras of the Christian Church), 6/- ....T. & T. Clark
WORDSWORTH, E.—Thoughts on the Lord's Prayer, 4/6 ..Longmans
WRIGHT, Rev. A.—Some New Testament Problems, 6/-.....Methuen
WRIGHT, G. F.—Scientific Aspects of Christian Evidences, 7/6 Pearson

NEW EDITION.

M'KINNEY, S. B. G.—The Origin and Nature of Man, 6/-.Hutchinson
[*A revised and enlarged edition. Chapters on "Genius," "Evolution," and "The Bible" have been added.*]

FICTION.

ADCOCK, A. ST. J.—The Consecration of Hetty Fleet, 3/6 Skeffington
ALDEN, W. L.—Van Wagener's Ways, 2/6.............. ...Pearson
[*A collection of very lively and amusing stories*]
ALEXANDER, Mrs.—Mrs. Crichton's Creditor, 2/6...............White
ALLEN, GRANT.—The Incidental Bishop, 6/-..................Pearson
[*See p.* 22.]
ATHERTON, G.—American Wives and English Husbands, 6/-..Service
[*See p.* 17.]
ATHERTON, G.—His Fortunate Grace, 2/6.......................Bliss
[*See p.* 17.]
BARING-GOULD, Rev. G., and OTHERS.—Under One Cover, 3/6 Skeffington
BARRETT, F.—Was She Justified? 6/-.......................Chatto
BATTERSBY, T. P.—The Souls of the Stones, 1/-.........Ward, Lock
[*A mystic story of a man who, by the virtue of a turquoise bound upon his brow, was borne into the "Land of the Stones," a mysterious spirit world beneath the sea. He meets and talks with many strange and beautiful creatures, and acquires much supernatural wisdom before he returns to his everyday condition.*]
BENNETT, E. A.—A Man from the North, 3/6.............. .....Lane
[*See p.* 22.]
BOLDREWOOD, ROLF.—Plain Living, 6/-...................Macmillan
[*See p.* 23.]
BOOTHBY, GUY.—Billy Binks, Hero, and Other Stories, 3/6..Chambers
BRAILSFORD, H. N.—The Broom of the War God, 6/-....Heinemann
CASTLE, A. and E.—The Pride of Jennico, 6/-.................Bentley
[*See p.* 22.]
COBB, T.—Carpet Courtship, 3/6...... ....Lane
COVERTSIDE, N.—The Secret of a Hollow Tree, 6/-.............Digby
[*The old squire was shot, and the scapegrace nephew suspected of murder and haled to prison. But the real murderer had been hidden in the hollow tree. Eventually things came right, and even the villain reformed so that he and his wife "led exemplary lives under the pressure of modest circumstances." There are traces of vigour in the writer's style, but his syntax needs revising.*]
DUNCAN, S.—A Voyage of Consolation, 6/-. ....Methuen
[*See p.* 21.]
FITZGERALD, G. B.—The Fatal Phial, 6/-........................Digby
[*The chemist made a mistake, and the patient was poisoned. She was not much missed, however, for the widower married the nurse. The story is tolerably readable, but the language is surprising. What is "a literally damask cheek"?*]
FLETCHER, J. S.—Pasquinado, 3/6......................Ward, Lock
[*The first story is cleverly told, but the others in the volume are decidedly ordinary.*]
GLANVILLE, E.—The Kloof Bride, 3/6................. ....Methuen
GOMARA, M. DE.—Hearts that are Lightest, 3/6.................Digby
["*Hope had enthroned itself upon the pillars of her fancy," in which uncomfortable position it remains through a prolonged and impassioned apostrophe. All through the book, indeed, the apostrophes are frequent and—considering that the course of the story by no means suggests them—astounding. For the rest we flit from "café chantant" to Sunday-school, and finally bid good-bye to happy lovers under sunset clouds which change, we are told, from the likeness of a "hippopotamus" to that of a "flamingo." The story is trifling and not particularly interesting.*]
GRAVES, L., and LUCAS, E. V.—The War of the Wenuses, 1/- Arrowsmith
[*Cleverly nonsensical, as a skit ought to be. The writers seem to enjoy their own fun, and indulge in sly hits at everybody with good-humoured impartiality.*]
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[*See p.* 21.]
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[*See p.* 21.]
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[*See p.* 21.]
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[*See p.* 19.]
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[*See p.* 19.]
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MIDDLEMASS, J.—Blanche Coningham's Surrender, 6/-........White
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MITFORD, B.—The Induna's Wife, 3/6........................White
MORRIS, W.—The Sundering Flood, 7/6..................Longmans
[*See p.* 18.]
PENN, R.—A Son of Israel, 6/-..........................Macqueen
PRAED, M. C.—The Scourge-Stick, 6/-..................Heinemann
[*See p.* 22.]
LEYS, J. K.—At the Sign of the Golden Horn, 3/6.. ....Newnes
RAINE, A.—Torn Sails, 6/-............................Hutchinson
[*See p.* 20.]
RIDGE, W. PETT.—Three Women and Mr. Frank Cardwell, 3/6
[*See p.* 20.] Pearson
RYLEY, A. B.—One Crowded Hour, 6/-...........................Bliss
[*See p.* 21.]
RUSSELL, H.—True Blue, 3/6...............................Chatto
SANDEMAN, M.—The Infatuation of Amanda, 3/6...............Digby
[*Amanda was ugly and vulgar. So was her mother. Her husband was worse, for "his teeth and eyes . . . engaged in a wrestling match for supremacy in the art of expressing ferocious savagery." No wonder she killed him with the cook's carving knife! "The spiritual eyes may be unfolded," it seems, and "ethereal beings discerned." Not in this story, we fear.*
SERGEANT, L.—The Caprice of Julia, 6/-............. ......Hurst
[*See p.* 22.]
Some Welsh Children, 3/6.........................Elkin Mathews
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[*See p.* 5.]
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[*See p.* 21.]
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ZANGWILL, I.—Dreamers of the Ghetto, 6/-...............Heinemann
[*See p.* 7.]
ZOLA.—Paris, 3/6..Chatto
[*See p.* 18.]

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[*The latest volume of this perfect edition of Balzac's works.*]
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[*A charming edition. There is an introduction by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and a beautifully produced portrait.*]
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POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

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ATTENBOROUGH, F. G.—"Cameos," and Other Poems, 3/6 ..Reeves
[*A poet who can write such musical lyrics as "A Crocus," and "A Wine Song," or "Chanson d'Amour," ought not to write anything quite so atrocious as "Two Fishes." There is some excellent work in the book, and the writer has a graceful fancy and an ear for a musical lilt, but her volume of verse would gain much and lose nothing by a careful process of elimination.*
AUSTIN, ALFRED.—Songs of England, 1/- ....Macmillan
[*The poems in this collection are already known to Mr. Alfred Austin's readers. They are all in a patriotic strain, and the well-known Jubilee ode, "Victoria," stands appropriately first.*]
Ballad of Reading Gaol, by C. 3.3, 2/6 ....Smithers
BLACKBURN, V.—The Fringe of an Art, Appreciations in Music, 5/- Unicorn Pres
BRANDES, G.—William Shakespeare—a Critical Study, 2 vols., 24/-
[*See p.* 12.] Heinemann
CONSTABLE, T.—The Great French Triumvirate, Athalie, Polyeucte, and Misanthrope, 5s. ....Downey

Goethe.—Clavigo, 3/6 ....Nutt

Hamerton, J. A.—Rhymes of Ironquill, 3/6 ....Redway
[*See p.* 24.]

Heinemann, W.—Summer Moths, a Play in Four Acts, 3/6 ....Lane

Henley, W. L., and Stevenson, R. L.—Macaire, 2/6 ..Heinemann

Irving, L.—Godefroi and Yolande, 3/6 ....Lane

Jebb, A. T.—A Book of Psalms, 3/6.....................George Allen
[*Mr. Jebb, it appears, "regarded his own work as superfluous," and "gave up the idea of publication." But his friends have thought better—or worse—of it, and have collected his translations of the Psalms in a volume. The renderings are no worse than most others, but Hebrew poetry can never be satisfactorily translated into English rhyme, and it seems a pity to persist in the attempt.*]

Rhys, Ernest.—Welsh Ballads, 3/6.......................... Nutt
[*See p.* 14.]

Thomson, R.—A Dream of Paradise ....Stock
[*The writer supposes himself to be led through Paradise by his guardian angel, and describes his experiences in eight Cantos in Spenserian Stanza. The poem does not often rise above mediocrity and occasionally falls below it.*]

Wagner, R.—Prose Works, trans. by W. A. Ellis, vol. 6, Religion and Art, 12/6..................................Kegan Paul

Wallace, G.—A Ballad of Charity, and other poems, 3/6 ..Douglas

Wimall, T.—A Modern Homily, and other Poems G. Robertson & Co,
[*A most amazing production! To use the writer's own words* (*and spelling*), *"Mid strange vicissitudes he seems incongruosness run riot!" Referring to the "Spheres" he says, "Since the beginning have they twirled in dazing maze, accountable?" The words may be fittingly applied to his own verses. The query at the end is naively suggestive.*]

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[*See p.* 24.]

Churchill, W. L. S.—The Story of the Malakand Field Force, 7/6 Longmans

Clowes, W. L.—The Royal Navy, a History from the Earliest Times, vol. ii., 25/-.......................................Low

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Hannay, D.—The Later Renaissance, 5/-.................Blackwood
[*See p.* 14.]

Hinsdale, Dr. B. A.—Horace Mann, 5/-.................Heinemann
[*See p.* 24.]

Gregory, W.—The Beckford Family, Reminiscences of Fonthill Abbey, 10/6.......................................Simpkin

De Winton, Major.—Soldiering Fifty Years Ago, 4/-*European Mail*

Corbett, J. S.—Drake and the Tudor Navy, 2 vols., 36/-..Longmans

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Mason, A. J.—Thomas Cranmer, 3/6 ....Methuen

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[*See p.* 13.]

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Cadet, F.—Port-Royal Education, trans. by A. D. Jones, 4/6 Sonnenschein
[*Interesting to educationalists. The Abbé of Saint Cyran was no doubt condemned as a "crank" by many excellent people of his day, but his Petites Ecoles, short as their existence was, can show a record of*

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FORBES, A.—Cassock and Comedy, 3/6 .... Skeffington

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[*See p.* 15.]

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[*Reminiscences of "Great matches, splendid achievements, and curious incidents" in the cricketing world—more particularly the Australian cricketing world. There are many portraits of well-known players, including the veteran W. G. Grace, and the writer himself. An appendix contains hints for tyros in the mysteries of the science.*]

GLADDEN, W.—Social Facts and Forces, 3/6 .... Putnam

[*A reprint of the "Ryder Lectures" delivered at Chicago,* 1895-6. *Various modern institutions as seen in America are discussed in their ethical bearing, and their effect on the development of the nation's character.*]

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[*See p.* 24.]

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[*The manuscript here printed has been lying in the British Museum and is now brought to light by Mr. Andrew Lang. Its author is unknown, but it is conjectured that he may be a Mr. Bruce, a Government surveyor in* 1749. *His views of the Highlands are very distinctly those of a Southerner, but his account is extremely interesting and complete. The document itself, especially with the aid of Mr. Lang's able introduction, gives an admirable description of the state of the Scottish Highlands during the years immediately following "The* '45."]

Tourist's Vade Mecum, 1/-; My Child-Wife, trans. by F. Hundel, 6d.; Hier und Da, 6d. .... Pitman

[*The first is a French phrase-book; the second a German rendering of part of "David Copperfield"; in both the reader is assisted by "imitated pronunciation." The third is a book of anecdotes and extracts given in English and German.*]

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Macaulay's England, vol. 8, 6s.
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Smith, 1801-1802.

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Schools Enquiry Commissioners' Report, 1867.
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London Times, May 7, July 2, 30, Aug. 13, Nov. 23, 29, 1892.
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Vols. 48 and 49 (1896-7).
Tim Bobbin, 1st edit. (1746 ?)
Tim Bobbin, 1757.
Tim Bobbin, Centenary edition, large paper or Whatman paper.
Whitaker's History of Whalley, 1818 edition, large paper.
Chaucer's Works (Kelmscott Press).
Works of John and Charles Wesley, published before 1790.
Portraits of John Wesley.
Autograph Letters of John Wesley.